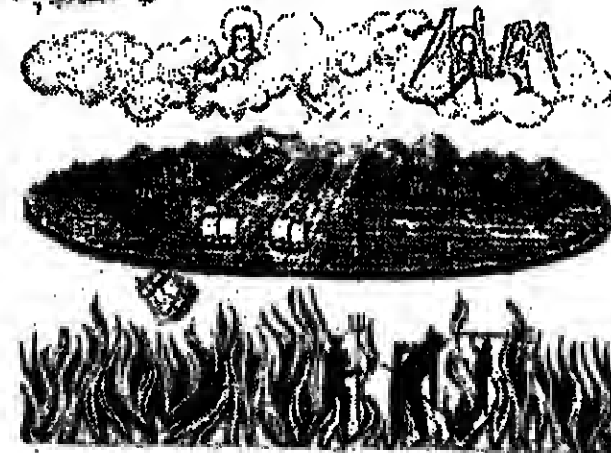


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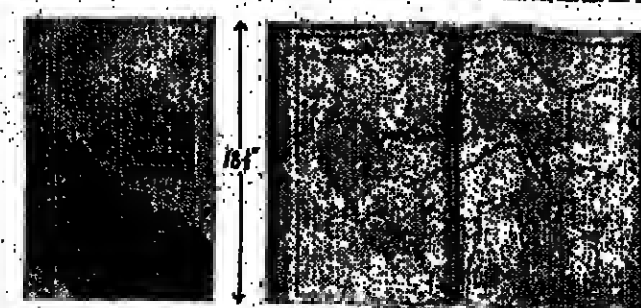
taken until 135 BC when Ptolemy, basing his measures on the Greek Stadias, arrived at the figures 44,640 km circumference and 3011 km radius.

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Cover design by John Ryder

Fiction in the Low Countries

BY R. P. MEIJER

THE DUTCH NOVEL has never been favoured by over-attention from English readers, critics or publishers. One may lament this or accept it, but the fact remains, and remains puzzling. True, there were times when Multatuli's *Max Havelaar* was widely read in England and when Couperus was a well-known name, but those days have gone, and seem that after the 1920s an insurmountable barrier has prevented Dutch literature from moving westward. Do not put the barrier there? The English, because of the way they write, because of the way they read? It is a problem that highly educated and rational minds have tried to be a mystery, and a mystery it is. But perhaps it is not so. It is possible to hope that a barrier appeared so mysteriously may have been a similar way. Or in other words, for the growing contempt for Britain and the Continent and to become increasingly important during the 1970s, in literary terms as well.

There is all the more reason for an expectation since the Dutch novel, both in the Netherlands and abroad, appears to be in fairly good shape. It may not be possible to mention a number of manifest signs of genius, but then what other contemporary masterpiece anyone care to mention? One may, however, point to a solid body of work, on the one hand not so far removed from the mainstream of the European and American novel as it appears exotic, and on the other hand its own distinctive flavour should make it appeal to anyone who would like to refresh a palate.

The novel, so often pronounced as incurably ill, seems to be great, regenerative powers, the Dutch novel is an exception. It has certainly undergone marked changes and has moved a long way from the tradition of Couperus, Van Ghendel, Bordewijk and Vestdijk. In the 1920s and 1930s it was frequently accused of being too

descriptive, too picturesque, too painterly, of having the longest purple passages in the whole wide world of literature. This allegation can no longer be made. All postwar writers, whether experimental or traditional, have done away with descriptiveness, and there is little doubt that the present-day novel is all the better for it. In place of this descriptiveness and its attendant emphasis on atmosphere came a stronger narrative element, together with a swifter, sparer style. In the late 1940s and early 1950s, Gerrit Komert, van het Reve, Willem Frederik Hermans, Louis Paul Boon, Hugo Claus and Harry Mulisch were the writers who gave the Dutch novel its new direction.

Of these five, Hermans has remained closest to the tradition of the psychological novel, and also closest to his original themes. He once declared that he was one of those writers who would always write the same book. A grain of salt would not go amiss here, but it is a fact that Hermans has remained remarkably true to his original starting-point. In one of his early stories he wrote: "Mankind thinks in terms of an order which does not really exist, and is blind to the original chaos. There is only one real world: chaos."

This notion is the dominant one in most of his work, from his early novels *De Truven der Acaas* (The Tens of the Acaas, 1949) and *De Donkere Kamer van Donocles* (The Dark Room of Donocles, 1958) to his latest *Herinneringen van een Engelshoofder* (Memoirs of a Guarded Angel, 1971). Like several of Hermans's novels and stories, this book is set in wartime, war being the most spectacular demonstration of the chaos that underlies human life. Hermans has made the contrast between fundamental chaos and superficial order even sharper by having as his main character a public prosecutor, an upholder of the order of things, and again by

telling this man commit a crime on the first day of the German invasion of Holland. The crime may well go undetected, but the chaos rises to the surface and drowns the order to which the prosecutor has clung for so long.

In the world of Hermans, man's estate is basically chaotic and incapable of being properly organized. His main characters make brave efforts, but they never succeed and are either destroyed or end up in despondency. All the little ironies of life mount up to form this picture of total hopelessness. When Albert, the prosecutor, is asked whether he has heard any news about the invasion on his car radio, he can only say: "It never works when something of importance is going on"; and when his pompous friend Erik ceremoniously closes the doors of his publishing house, things go wrong, too: "Until Hitler has been hanged from the highest tree, Erik Losekunt will not publish another book. Damn, the lock does not work." This is how it always is in Hermans's novels: when it matters, when order is most needed, the important things don't work, cannot be found, or prove to be worthless. Nothing is ever achieved; in the last instance everything reverts to chaos.

The situation in Hermans's novels is bleak and only rarely coloured by humour. Yet there is no self-indulgence in his writing and not a trace of self-pity. Hermans depicts the world as he sees it, coolly, rationally and very compellingly. His intelligence, craftsmanship and ingenuity in handling plot have made him into the major novelist of the postwar period.

When Hermans published his first novel, he was preceded by two years by G. K. van het Reve whose *De Avonturen* (The Evenings) became the novel of the postwar generation. It was as grim and harrowing as the novels of Hermans, yet relieved by Van het Reve's very personal sense of humour; sardonic to be sure,

cutting and biting, but at the same time very funny indeed. Van het Reve then turned away from the novel, published several books of short stories and developed a highly successful new form, a hybrid of short story and letter. Not until the beginning of this year did he publish his second novel, *De Taal der Liefde* (The Language of Love), in which he also used the technique of combining letter-writing with straight fiction. The book is a kind of triptych: on the side panels the main story, a plotless narrative describing the day-to-day experiences of the main character and concentrating on his homosexual relationships, and on the central panel a large collection of letters addressed to a Dutch fellow-writer. These letters function as a commentary on the novel proper: they trace its genesis, the difficulties encountered while writing it, the author's ups and downs, his despair and his determination to finish it.

De Taal der Liefde is a very idiosyncratic novel. No one else but Van het Reve could have written it, let alone have made a success of it. Its publication was the outstanding literary event in the Netherlands of the past few years, and one may add that it is one of those books that cry out for a wider audience than the combined readership of the Netherlands and Belgium can offer.

The novel which supplies its own commentary is, of course, in itself not new. Thomas Mann's *Die Entstehung des Doktor Faustus* comes to mind, as does André Gide's *Journal des faux-matrimoniaux*.

What was new was the way in which Van het Reve made the commentary an integral part of his novel. Harry Mulisch, on the other hand, did something rather like Mann and Gide to his books *De Verreder* (The Narrator, 1970) and *De Verreder Verreder* (The Narrator Explained, 1971). The first book is the novel, the second its commentary. *De Verreder* must be one of the most cryptic novels ever written

in Dutch. Basically the story of a man who at the age of forty-three looks back on his youth, it is so full of Nabokovian puzzles and riddles, allusions which become clear only gradually or sometimes not at all, parodies, name-changes and time-shifts that it makes unusually high demands on its readers. In order to decode it, one needs patience, an intimate knowledge of Mulisch's accumulated experience, and the ability to solve crosswords twice as difficult as the ones in *The Times*. Not every reader comes up to these requirements, and in an interview Mulisch stated that he had overestimated his audience. Graciously forgiving us some of our self-esteem, he added that in his own opinion, too, the work was not really complete without its commentary. Mulisch has never been more right. The second book is not merely complementary to the first, it is absolutely essential, providing clues that cannot be found anywhere else.

What Mulisch wanted to say in *De Verreder* was that life was not a simple matter and that chaos reigns supreme, a message not very different from the one that Hermans has been transmitting for years. But in Mulisch's view, the complexity of life can be represented only by a complex form; the splintered world must be reflected in the novel's splintered structure. It is arguable whether this is successful, but it must be conceded that the two books, read in conjunction, make an interesting, entertaining, though slightly over-ingenious attempt to add some spice to the conventional autobiographical novel.

To generalize, one may say that the emphasis in the modern Dutch novel is shifting from exploration of character to exploration of situation. Hermans is a borderline case, but in the new novels of Van het Reve and Mulisch there are few of what E. M. Forster used to call "round characters". In *Schaatsen* (Shame, 1972) by Hugo Claus there is none. Several critics have taken issue with him on this score, but it is clear that Claus, who in his earlier novels was

certainly not incapable of creating fully-rounded characters, wanted it on. *Schaumte* deals with a group of Belgian television people who are filming a passion play in a South Sea island. They are an empty lot, there is not a serious thought between them, at the most a few tickled glances.

They are regarded with suspicion and contempt by the local population and eventually become vaguely involved in a murder case. The situation does not seem very complicated, but Claus, like Mulisch, makes considerable demands on his readers. He does not deliberately confuse them in the cause of presenting confused reality, but he makes the going tough by giving only a minimum of information and by piling down the story to its bare essentials. At first glance, therefore, the book seems truly bates and no

flesh, a draft rather than a properly filled-out novel. Yet a closer look makes it clear that *Schaumte* is a very cleverly structured book which—though not bothering much about characterization—fully explores an intriguing situation. Given the right director, it has also the makings of an excellent film.

A newcomer in the Dutch literary scene is the oddly-named "non-fiction novel". Louis Paul Boon, who made his mark in the 1950s with some highly original and experimental novels such as *De Kapellekenshuus* (Chapel Road—An American translation is reviewed on page 235), *Zonter te Ter-Mere* (Summer at Ter-Mere) and *Wapenvoet* (Brothers in Arms), last year published *Pieter Dams*, the story of a Flemish journalist who at the end of the nineteenth century played an important part in the labour movement in Belgium. In

this book, Boon's social consciousness, his anger at the inequalities of society, and his sympathy for the underdog have combined in a most felicitous way with his great gifts as a storyteller in produce the most impressive example of the non-fiction genre to date.

The present-day fiction scene in the Netherlands is varied and lively. The Dutch novelists are individualists, and the best among them are free from any dogmatic subscription to fashionable theories or forms. In the past they were known for their earnestness, but these days they show a greater awareness of the irony of life and often adopt a more lighthearted approach. A good example is Henk Rijnvis Meijer's *Lieve Zuster Ursula* (Dear Sister Ursula, 1969), which seriously, but at the same time ironically and wittily, probes the Amsterdam art

world, with its artists, critics, dealers and hangers-on.

The sweet, or usually not so sweet, memories of youth continue to provide a wealth of material for a considerable number of writers, particularly now that the permissive society allows uninhibited publication of what had to be bottled up in the less permissive days. Jan Wolkers is the undisputed leader in this field with a fair number of rather uneven autobiographical novels from *Kort Amerikaans* (Crew Cut, 1962) to *Turks Fruit* (Turkish Delight, 1971); books which tend to shock the old and woo the young.

To my mind the best autobiographical novel of the past few years is Andreus Birnir's *Die Jongevrouw* (Braces Only, 1969), unusual in that it retraces six years in the life of a young girl in reverse order. The story begins in 1945 with the defeat

of the Germans and the Canadian troops in Holland. The girl Simone, a complete outsider as the writer is dominated by each following chapter takes a step back, tracing her resentment and the first of her lesbian feelings.

A survey as brief as this when dealing with only a recent output of what is a fairly small literature, is necessarily incomplete and unfair to omit. Many more novels could have been mentioned worthy of the attention of an English reader, and, let me say, of the English publisher.

R. P. Meijer is Professor of Language and Literature at the University of London.

We want to go home

PAUL TABORI:
The Anatomy of Exile
232pp. Harpaz £6.

"I want to go home", said Jan Moszyk, this giving a concise yet perfect distinction between the exile and the emigrant. The exile wants to go home; the emigrant wants to stay away. The exile's separation from his country is forced; the emigrant's separation is voluntary. Says Paul Tabori: "Perhaps, on the other hand, the exile often chooses to oppose a regime, a religion, an ideology, a revolution by his own free will, while the emigrant's decision to quit may have been forced upon him by circumstances—economic, political, personal—beyond his control. In addition to exiles and emigrants, we also have immigrants, expatriates, refugees, displaced persons, deportees, exiles, and expellees. Mr. Tabori tells us that he is not an exile but an emigrant. Yet, he used to be President of the PEN Centre of Writers in Exile. Not an exile himself, just a president of exiles.

Exile is as old as humanity. Adam and Eve were the first exiles—or were they expellees? In fact, the notion of exile is much older than humanity. Exiles and expellees are also exiled when they differ from the rest. Not conform with the herd is as heinous a crime among them as it is among their allegedly more civilized fellows. Wilhelm Roxy tells the story of a rabbi who had ruled our society and the other was shunned and ostracized by his fellow-rabbis.

The first exile known to recorded history, Mr. Tabori informs us, was a man called Simeon, an ancient Babylonian. He was exiled from his country about 2000 BC but was fortunate and permitted to return. He was succeeded by countless, less fortunate millions. The Jews were exiled from their land, and the Babylonians, who expelled the Jews, could claim dubious credit for being the first power to use mass deportation as a political instrument. Subsequently the Jews were expelled from many lands, including England, and they were ordered to leave in the thirteenth century, and it was not until 1883 that a Jew was able to become a member of the House of Lords.

The Greeks invented ostracism—banishment to a remote island. In Rome banishment and deportation were frequently used as punishment. Ovid was the most celebrated exile of the most distinguished poet in Rome. Ovid was banished, but he was incomparably more distinguished as a poet than as an exile. He was, originally, banished from Florence to a Greek port and eventually became a Greek. (All the same, he never returned to his beloved Florence and died in exile, in Ravenna. He wreaked his revenge on his enemies: he left a little longer on writers' "poet fourteen years in 'forced residence' and wrote *The Prince* in exile. The Reformation and Counter-Reformation produced something like a tremendous political, military and economic drain on France's resources. "There are still," wrote Voltaire, "some survivors of this policy close to the Hottentots. This French have thus been scattered far and abroad than the Jews." Subsequently Voltaire, too, found himself a mild variety of exile: when he fled from Paris, he could slip back to France, and when the air became hot again he returned to Geneva. A procession of literary men followed in the footsteps of Ovid, Dante, and Voltaire, through Heine, to some Czech journalists in the late nineteenth century, and, indeed, to famous non-exile, Solzhenitsyn, who succeeded—rightly, from his point of view—in making the worst of two worlds: leading the life of an exile while not enjoying the benefits of freedom.

Early Christians, when not put to death, were frequently exiled—Flavia Domitilla, Domitian's niece, having been the most exiled personage in their ranks in those early days. If

the Christians gave a number of famous exiles to history, the Islamic era actually began with exile: the Hegira, the Prophet's famous flight in 622.

On goes Mr. Tabori, conscientiously registering all the important waves from Adam and Eve up to the deportation of the Armenians and the Volga Germans, telling us a lot about the refugees from Mussolini's, Hitler's and Franco's terror, describing the aftermath of the Hungarian Revolution, the occupation of Czechoslovakia and the war in Bangladesh. When Mr. Tabori gets into his stride, he has no difficulty in proving that we are all exiles, to the last man. After all, every White and Black American is an emigrant, and the newcomers turned the original inhabitants of the New World into exiles in their own land. The story is similar in Australia and New Zealand. But what about the Europeans? As Mr. Tabori mentions even the Völkermwanderung, it is easy to see that we are all, without a single exception, descendants of exiles.

In the last part of *The Anatomy of Exile* Mr. Tabori deals with the asylum countries—the Reluctant Havens. Discussing rather perfunctorily—the psychology of exile, he mentions two basic rules, quoting from a private letter he received. First Rule: "The emigration from rich countries is a counter-selection whereas from the poor countries it is a selection. What he means is explained thus: if, say, a French doctor emigrates, he goes because he could not rise to the top of his profession, because he is not good enough. Even if he were third-rate—Mr. Tabori goes on—he would seek a practice in a small French village, not only the fourth-rate village, but to Togo and the Cameroons. But "if a Yugoslav doctor cannot find the scope within his own country because the possibilities are limited, he will seek wider horizons in the United States, Canada, Australia or the United Kingdom." This may be politely called oversimplification. Elsworth (Lundington, in his *Main Springs of Civilization*, maintains that all emigrants belong to the land and harvest layer of society: they are people who take their lives in hand, determined to become masters of their own fate. To classify all French, British, Dutch emigrants as well as American expatriates (i.e., emigrants from rich countries) as fourth-rate is ridiculous and insulting. Brilliant French doctors may have many good reasons for going to the Cameroons.

Mr. Tabori's Second Basic Rule is this: Every exile must work twice as well and for half the pay as a native if he wishes to reach the same level as the native-born. Must? He often will, against the strongest protests of his native workmates, making himself thoroughly unpopular and provoking many ambivalent reactions: envy, anger and grudging admiration. The Second Basic Rule, however, explains a great deal of the success of emigrants in their adopted countries.

Mr. Tabori remarks that while being an exile is a Bad Thing, to have exiles is a Good Thing for a country. "Their presence is a boon." Or: "The exile can bear flower and fruit." Not all reception countries have always agreed wholeheartedly with this, as Mr. Tabori's detailed and interesting survey of the Reluctant Havens shows.

Britain's record in this respect is, on the whole, a creditable one. This country has a long tradition of giving asylum to the persecuted. Brown's Hotel was described by *Punch* in 1848 as specializing in "exiled monarchs... terms reduced and reasonable."

Britain has sent out as many exiles—Pilgrin Fathers as well as younger sons—as she received. Sometimes foreigners have to prove that they had sufficient means to live on while were forbidden to make a living. At other times—in 1914, and again in 1940—a wave of hysteria swept through these otherwise eminently non-hysterical shores and German refugees were interned en masse.

Yet, on the whole, in spite of a tendency to xenophobia and isolationism, the British record is second to none. This country may justly claim that it never refused asylum to those who needed it even if this hospitality brought difficulties in its wake. Neither was Britain selective as some other countries were, picking the young, unmarried, healthy and skilled men while rejecting all those who needed help more badly. Britain has always acted on the principle that asylum should be given because the refugee needs a country and not because the country needs a few refugees, perhaps to reinforce its labour force. But by taking all and sundry, Britain was not doing too badly. The contribution of exiles to their adopted country's achievements will be the subject of Mr. Tabori's second volume, to be called *The Gift of the Exiles*. If every country gets the exiles it deserves, Britain and her new citizens need not be ashamed of one another.

The ice-axeman cometh

NICHOLAS MOSLEY:
The Assassination of Trotsky
185pp. Michael Joseph. £2.50.

The horror and tragedy of Trotsky's assassination, combined with the sensational elements of espionage and counter-espionage surrounding it, made it a predestined target for the film-maker. Nicholas Mosley, already the author of books on a wide variety of topics, has written the script. It would be unfair to label this the book of the film. He has studied pretty thoroughly the three volumes of Isaac Deutscher's classic biography and the two books already written round the assassination—one by the Mexican Chief of Police in charge of the investigation. The material which was not usable in the film has evidently gone into the book.

The technique of the film has, however, gone to the writer's head in a way which proves rather disconcerting in a different medium. In chapter one we are with Trotsky in 1940 in Mexico City. In chapter two we start from his earliest childhood and reach 1917. That is fair enough. But in chapter three we are back again in 1940 in Trotsky's last home: at Coyocacán; and from this point we dodge endlessly to and fro between the last months of his life, with a first attempt at assassination, and the final success; and the outstanding episodes of his earlier career. Thus a

chapter which begins with speculations about the origin and identity of the murderer ends with a description of Trotsky being carried out of Moscow into exile in January 1928. It is all breathtaking; and, since this is not the kind of book which has an index, there is no clue by which one can locate anything one is looking for.

These drawbacks apart, the book is well written in a popular vein. Mr. Mosley is scrupulous about his facts, and balanced in his few judgments; he does not pretend to know what the evidence fails to establish. But he does not elude to add to the sum of knowledge, and his rare reflections and excursions into philosophy do not inspire confidence.

At Coyocacán Trotsky looked after his rabbits and tended his cacti and peered out his instructions for the salvation of the world. But it was not by forcing them that his rabbits or his Fourth International grew. A man worked hard according to the best scientific methods but in the end life had its own inner workings.

So dramatic a story cannot be altogether dull. But one would be hard put to it to return a positive answer to the question: was this book really necessary?

POSTAGE: INLAND 31p ABROAD 21p

The American university in agony

JOHN R. SEARLE:
The Campus War
219pp. Penguin. Paperback, 40p.

John R. Searle is a distinguished philosopher whose recent *Speech Acts* was one of the most important contributions to the philosophy of language to appear to the past decade. Here he turns his analytical and argumentative talents on to the phenomena of student revolt. It is not only in intellect that Professor Searle is so well equipped for the task. He has taught at the University of California at Berkeley for the past dozen years; and during that time he has been heavily involved in university politics, both as a faculty member and as an administrator of student and faculty affairs. He writes as a somewhat weary liberal who spent his student years fighting Joe McCarthy, and now finds McCarthy's tactics of defamation and intimidation practised by the student radicals; but there is nothing weary about the intelligence and wit which he displays.

Although *The Campus War* is subtitled "A Symptomatic Look at the University in Agony", sympathy is not Professor Searle's most obvious characteristic. His virtues are toughness and clarity, and an acerbic sense of humour which is especially effective

live when employed against professors of philosophy. In so far as sympathy emerges at all, it is a slightly reluctant sympathy for administrators who are faced with an impossible job and no resources to cope with it; and so far as institutions are concerned, the author's sympathies are with a university a good deal more like Oxford and Cambridge than anything to be found in North America. Indeed, North American universities are, on this account, beset by a peculiar set of unwitting conspirators whose efforts could hardly do more to wreck the university if they were consciously aimed at that end. Professor Searle's opening chapter lays out the scenario for the typical revolt—this is a rather notorious set-piece which first appeared in *The New York Times* at the height of the revolutionary epoch in December 1968. It is a somewhat tongue-in-cheek piece of sociology which is both elegant and accurate in description, whatever one thinks of the underlying analogy between student revolt and millennial upheaval.

The scenario demands that a local or domestic university issue should be tied in with a "sacred topic", such as Racism, the Vietnam War, or the Military-Industrial Complex—for instance, by demanding that the university authorities should at once stop building a gymnasium in a "black park", even if the building has been

planned for four years and the pork in question serves only for a mugger's practice-ground. Since the university cannot agree, and the demands are usually presented so insultingly that they are bound to be rejected, the university authorities become symbolically linked with the espousal of an absolute Evil—in this case Racism. This destroys the general belief in their legitimacy, much as we might six centuries ago have revolted against the civil authorities as the representatives of anti-Christ.

The climax, of course, is the battle between the forces of light and dark when the administration is forced to call the police on to the campus. University teachers faced with the police simply turn on whomever lets them on to the premises—though, as Professor Searle notes, this is less likely to happen in this country:

Like most things in England, the police matters are about a century out of date... British police... look like nothing so much as musical comedy actors, and the sight of them charging about does not produce the same exhilarating sense of horror as does the sight of American police, or the French CRS.

It is of course, also true that English universities are extremely reluctant about calling in the police; while the police seem, if anything, even more reluctant to appear when asked for, and rightly so. Once the faculty turn

on the administration, its authority vanishes, since the presidents of most universities find it intolerable to govern without faculty support, even though they are not constitutionally obliged to seek that support.

The rest of *The Campus War* is devoted to vignettes of students, faculty and administrators, which try to answer the puzzle of why students en masse behave in ways they individually regard as quite irrational, why the faculty are too short-sighted to rally behind the administration, and why the legal authority of administrators does not translate into effective control on campus. Sensibly enough, Professor Searle writes most of the underlying discontent of students to sources quite outside the university—and obviously this means that campus peace depends on social conditions which are mostly quite outside the university's power to control. But there is much the university can do to make its own responses more appropriate to its problems.

Some of Professor Searle's recommendations will induce a quite unjustified antipathy in the senior common rooms of Oxbridge, where the belief that almighty Providence strikes lesser places with student troubles is already a domineering topic. For what the author wants is the abolition of Regents and Trustees, and the handing over

Travelling Gent

Life of Alexander William Kinglake
1809-1891
GERALD DE GAURY

"TO" or travelling gent was a term often used by British army officers to describe a certain type of nineteenth-century traveller. Alexander William Kinglake was such a man. His book *Eothen*, published anonymously in 1844, is one of the most enjoyable of all books on travel in the nearer East. Its publication was a sensation. Kinglake, a shy and careful man, left instructions for all his papers to be destroyed after his death. Happily some papers escaped the fire, have recently come to light and are used by Gerald de Gaury in the first biography of Kinglake; the story of the writer of a great book, a Georgian "romantic" overtaken by the Victorian Age. £3.50

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steadily more committed to the Anglo-Saxon language areas. However gratifying in themselves these very much strengthened cultural bonds with Britain and America may be, it must also be evident that this development is not without its disadvantages—specifically for literary life.

Any Dutchman who cannot read French, for instance, misses all direct contact with a literature which, next to English, was of the greatest significance in the modernization of Dutch literature that began at the end of the last century. Because until recently most people who were interested in literature could read French, there are large gaps in Dutch literature, for instance, that are available in Dutch translation. And what is translated does not in general sell as well as books translated from English. A striking example is the low sales figures for the splendid Dutch translation of Céline's masterpiece *Voyage au bout de la nuit*, a work which has had a great influence on the writing of Heremans in particular, but also on that of the later Van der Reve, if think

that in these two Dutchmen Céline has had his most talented pupils. They have adapted his linguistic innovations and his pessimistic worldview in a manner all their own. But against the growing alienation from France, there is the great popularity of books in English. Which are the most admired writers in Dutch literary circles? There are too many for me to list them all, but may I in conclusion name a few of the best known: Joyce, Forster, Marianne Moore, Orwell, Auden, Isherwood, Malcolm Lowry, Edmund Wilson, Mary McCarthy, Robert Lowell, Saul Bellow, Sylvia Plath, Iris Murdoch and, of course, Vladimir Nabokov. But I am sure that everyone will agree with me that one cannot neglect, for instance, Thomas Mann or Marcel Proust, even in favour of Joyce, simply through the loss of that knowledge of languages which was once a matter of course for every cultured Dutchman.

Henk van Gulen last was born in Java in 1921. He has published a novel, criticism and essays, and earns his living as a history teacher.

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From epic to experiment

REINDER P. MEIJER:
Literature of the Low Countries
344pp. Assen: Van Gorcum, 1961.

Since John Bowring introduced Dutch literature in this country in 1834 there have been a number of general studies, by Edmund Gosse, Herbert Grierson, James Russell, Adrian Bannard and Theodor Wevers. Reinder P. Meijer, however, provides the first general history of Dutch literature for English readers. At the same time, it is an encouraging reminder of a rapidly changing attitude in foreign languages that this book was written while the author was teaching Dutch at Melbourne University.

One volume of this size cannot hope to meet the demands of all its potential readers, ranging from the specialist in this literature or in European literature or in Dutch social or cultural history to the Englishman unable to read Dutch but interested in the civilization of a people—to quote Bowring—“ruled by habit and by history with our thoughts and recollections.” Professor Meijer, aware of this dilemma, has boldly attempted to do all things to all men by retaining a subjective point of view (which offers to those already familiar with the subject fresh insights and stirring opinions), by relating this literature to the changing patterns in national and European thought, and by providing discrete and unimpeded synopses of the most important works in order to avoid making impossible demands on many of his readers.

Professor Meijer's first chapter, on the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, stresses the influence of French literature on the earliest, Frankish, authors of Dutch epic and romance, a tradition broken by Meiering and the devotional writers. The title of his chapter on the fourteenth century, “Instruments and Entertainments,” alludes to the didacticism which, introduced in the moralizing chronicles, poetics (Roelandse) and the *Devotie moderne* of this century, retained its appeal in Dutch literature for 400 years. Yet this was also the age of the song (often from Germany) as well as the first serious (abel) secular plays, whose connection with folk-song themes is missing from the discussion of their origins.

The marriage of Margaret of Flanders to Philip “brought the House of Burgundy into the Low Countries and with it a force of such energy that one might be justified in calling the fifteenth century after them.” The title of this chapter, “Rulers and Rhetoricians,” highlights the particular contributions of the Chambers of Rhetoric to the remarkable prosperity of the arts under this political federation. The Rhetorician poets, the *Rhetorikiers*, “were very interested in technique, unhealthily so, it has been said. Experimentation with form became one of their main concerns.” Yet

the preoccupation with form and technique was not peculiar to literature only. “We find it in the work of Jan van Eyck who constantly experimented with form... and... the composition of paint... in music, too, we meet this interest in technique, particularly in the Second Flemish polyphonic school of Johannes Ockeghem (1495) and Jacob Obrecht (1505). The advances in the technique of composition made by this school were as striking as those of the *Rhetorikiers* and some of their experiments in form were amazingly similar to the extravagances of the poets... they wrote retrograde canons, mixed canons, augmented and diminished canons, canons containing a riddle, etc.

In this kind of comparison, elsewhere, where Professor Meijer notes the respects in which Dutch mystery plays differ from the French and English, this study

makes a welcome departure from concise histories.

The seventeenth century is represented here by K. H. D. Halley's recent book as an age of religious and social tolerance, as well as, of course, considerable political and artistic activity. The evidence for this view arrives, however, predominantly from the prosperous burghers, who were the patrons of government and art alike, and who could themselves afford to be liberal. It was the urban backbone to the society and the arbiters of its spokesmen that account for the failure of Houff's pastoral play and for Huygens's *Triptolemus* and Helder's farces which, far from showing “that the aristocrats of the seventeenth century had not cut themselves off from the lower strata of society,” indicate rather that the illiterate were considered fit burlesque for mockery. Breder's *Spanische Heer* is the exception, but the tragedy of shame and exploitation which informs this “comedy” is scarcely referred to in this study. Professor Meijer makes what he himself calls a particularly invidious comparison, of Vondel with Shakespeare, concluding that “Vondel's drama never has the power to jolt a modern audience in the way Shakespeare still can.” Apart from the tacit assumption (in which the author is by no means alone) which this makes about Dutch directors, audiences and the repertoire, Professor Meijer's actual criticism of Vondel does not gain credibility from a number of inaccuracies. If Lucifer is “weak and wavering” why was the play of that name (like Milton's epic) condemned for portraying him too favourably? Though *Adam in Ballingschap* was written in Vondel's “Supplican” period, it is in fact influenced by Ovidius in his Senecan manner as well as in its theme, the fall of Man (which is the subject of this play rather than of *Lucifer*, as Professor Meijer states).

In the French influence on the classicism of the eighteenth century, the Dutch, we are archly reminded, were only recognizing what Heinsius and Vossius had previously offered in Racine and Corneille (as they did also to Dryden and Pope). But with the notable exception of the romantic novelists Wolff and Dekker, the writers of this century, whether classicists or romantics, are second-rate, and should be clearly recognized as such. Of the two possible further exceptions, Luyken and Billerdjik, the former is given only about half the attention paid to the Van Harren brothers and Feith, and they in turn overshadow the Renaissance moralists Cats, who had figured in only two paragraphs of the previous chapter.

This chapter on the nineteenth century, “Moralists and Anti-moralists,” strangely ignores the impact of the religious revival (the *Revival*) on the historical novelists. Heets's sketches are favoured with the comment that they are written “in an excellent style which avoided all stiffness, stiffness and grandiloquence,” and although Potgieter's adverse criticism of Heets is noted, no reference is made to the style of Potgieter's humour for comparison with Heets; and the real innovator in unpretentious prose, the essayist Jacob Geel, is not mentioned at all. Since Multatuli's apparent anarchy is highly moralistic, the epithet “anti-moralists” is presumably intended for Busken Huet and the poets of 1880. Professor Meijer makes a valuable comparison of the romanticism in Shelley with that of these poets; and of their symbolism with that of the French poets, and he rightly distinguishes between the aims of the northern journal, *De Nieuwe Gids*, and its southern counterpart, *Van Nu en Straks*; though the special place he accords to

Conscience as the pioneer novel (the credit for which surely goes to Wolff and his cause) is in itself an important contribution to the history of literary French.

The final chapter, on the twentieth century, marks the change in the 1880 poets: Gorter, who was against the “bourgeois individualism” of the earlier movement, Verwey, who became the more philosophical poet, and the early decades, himself a “strongly intellectualistic and philosophically introspective” poet, discussion of the earlier period, the affinities between Leysen, Bonters and the *Rubinen*, Van de Woude and Jan de Vries, between Roland Holst and Van der Woude, and between Van der Woude and Walt Whitman, survey of the novelists (surprisingly, a fairly extensive consideration of P. H. van der Meer). The balanced and shrewd comment of a large number of novelists has unfortunately been very compact, since selection such a varied field would be impossible. Even so, Professor Meijer is right in saying that

all writers of the first half of the twentieth century, in the Netherlands as well as in Belgium, have been overshadowed by the genius of Vedstijne, who was... a unique phenomenon in Dutch literature, not only that there are many literatures that can be said to be and versatility.

The postwar novel is represented by Van der Reve, Heremans, and Louis Paul Bonn who is the candidate for the Nobel Prize. Unlike its predecessors, the novel makes no new contribution to a technical (or even semi-technical) nature; it is essentially a continuation of the current predicament of the experimental poetry of 1950s, primarily associated with the name of Lindeboom.

References to some of the given since they would have been a unwieldy mass of footnotes, and the author has wisely confined himself to a “Select bibliography” in English. Finally, a short list of works in German, a short list of works in Dutch, and the (unfortunately) unreliable bibliography of the period. There is also an index of personal names.

This book handles complex material with remarkable skill and clarity. The European setting is always out of the corner of the reader's eye, which registers glimpses, from time to time of kindred minds and movements, and the historical perspective is often sharpened by reference to the future or recollections of the past. The criticisms that have been offered, of inequality in the treatment of some of the particular details of fact or formulation, far outweighed by the interest and this study sustains in author's works introduced, as a personally, by an authority of and honest judgment.

New Poets Award 1973

Entries for the Award of the New Poets Award are invited from poets in U.K. who have published more than one poem.

Previous winners: Philip Thorneycroft, Thomas Forrest-Thomson, New Poets Award School of English University of Leeds, 1971.

PHILOSOPHY

How do concepts change?

STEPHEN TOULMIN:
Human Understanding
Volume 1: General Introduction and Part One
Oxpp. Clarendon Press: Oxford University Press, 1971.

Human Understanding is the first volume of a trilogy whose aim is to present a new “epistemic self-portrait” of Man which could rightly take the place of some older pictures painted by such philosophers as Plato, Descartes, Locke and Kant. The topic of this volume is the analysis of the collective use and evolution of concepts. The second volume is to contain an examination of the individual grasp and development of concepts, the third an inquiry into the rational adequacy and appraisal of concepts. The central thesis of the present volume, Stephen Toulmin tells us, was first proposed and defended in an earlier philosophical work of his, *The Uses of Arguments*, and is now to be further elaborated and justified in the philosophy of science, undertaken by him alone and in collaboration with June Goodfield.

Although the argument of the book proceeds at a leisurely pace, it is not possible to summarize its five hundred-odd pages without serious omission. A fair idea of its content, however, can be conveyed by stating the author's main problem and his proposed solution, and by mentioning some of the points by means of which he moves from one to the other. He formulates the problem as follows: “Through what socio-historical processes, and intellectual procedures, do populations of concepts and conceptual systems change in their transition from each generation to the next? This is an important, empirical question which, like similar questions about the change of other human institutions, presupposes an analysis of the structure of conceptual systems—an analysis which has been a traditional philosophical task.”

The main conclusion of Professor Toulmin's argument and the proposed solution of his problem is, again in his own words, that in our intellectual decisions and conceptual changes we are forever compelled to lay bets about our own futures; that we can find the strategic estimates on which rational changes of policy are based only upon a well-digested appreciation of earlier achievements in those same enterprises, and that in intellectual as much as in practical and political affairs, the working-out of historical development is liable to reward well-judged changes of policy in ways that could not have been foreseen in precise detail. If the conclusion seems rather disappointing, this is not because it is difficult to agree with it, but rather

because it is almost impossible not to agree with it. Nor is it easy to think of any great dogmatic metaphysician—opposed to a caricature of one—who would not willingly assent to so reasonable an assessment of man's intellectual past and future.

The connexion between the ambitious statement of the problem and the modest conclusion of the book consists in arguments of two kinds: negative arguments which, as in Professor Toulmin's earlier book, are directed against what he regards as most philosophers' exclusive preoccupation with logical systematicity; and positive arguments illustrating and defending his conception of what Hegel called the cunning of Reason. In his negative arguments Professor Toulmin rightly objects to any philosophy of science which recognizes its legitimate only either purely logical questions (e.g. does *p* follow logically from *q*?) or purely empirical questions (e.g. is the empirical statement *p* true or false?) and which overlooks other types of question, for example the question how best to redefine our terms in the light of newly discovered relevant facts. However, he seems to underestimate the importance of the logical analysis of static theories and conceptual systems to the proper understanding of their function and change. Anatomy is important to physiology and the theory of evolution, and a

static theory may be a prerequisite of a dynamic one. This is acknowledged by Collingwood, Popper and Kuhn, with whom Professor Toulmin can engage in fruitful controversy because he shares many of their general assumptions.

As regards Professor Toulmin's conception of the cunning of Reason, his favourite analogy is, as it has been for some time, the operation of judges and lawyers within the common-law tradition. He holds that intellectual decisions in general are analogous to judicial decisions, which are adopted as precedents in those respects that “illuminate the specific demand of the present case and historical situation” and help to show how those demands can be met “in a manner concordant with the fundamental purposes of the law.” But granted, for the sake of the argument, that we know what these fundamental purposes are, what are the corresponding fundamental purposes or principles of rationality, which are realized by the cunning of Reason? Are they absolute or relative? Are they explicable or inexplicable of being at least imperfectly known? Lastly, to what extent is it possible to define the notion of a principle of rationality? Whether or not the projected two volumes will contain the answers to these questions, the present one contains enough interesting and stimulating material to make its readers avail its successors with some curiosity.

A militantly “hard” psychologist, he is now unashamedly attracted to the “soft”. This is no bad thing, yet it should be borne in mind that this particular distinction appears to both psychologists who turn to the scientific method more than orthodox scientists who turn to psychology. Perhaps what is wanted is not so much “scientific” psychology as psychology which has had training and experience in other and more traditional fields of science.

The book ends with a discussion of some ideological factors in modern psychology. The author contends that “psychology is relevant inasmuch as it illuminates man's ideologies”, that is to say, “the assumptions we use in making sense of the world about us”. This not particularly new definition is enshrined as “Hudson's Law of Selective Attention to Data” which, we are told, was “first devised half-seriously but here presented in all earnestness”. Such a statement suggests that some, at least, of the curious ambivalence towards work and play which marked some aspects of Oxford philosophy has rubbed off on him. But it might seem to many one of its lessons least worth learning.

The unicorn in the thickets

WILL HUDSON:
The Unicorn in the Thicket
Oxpp. Cape, 1972.

Hudson is best known for his studies on contrasting styles of thinking in English schoolboys and their implications for educational specialists. He has also had some interest in things to say about self-perception and social stereotypes in schoolchildren. Unlike its predecessors, the book makes no new contribution to a technical (or even semi-technical) nature; it is essentially a continuation of the current predicament of the experimental poetry of 1950s, primarily associated with the name of Lindeboom.

References to some of the given since they would have been a unwieldy mass of footnotes, and the author has wisely confined himself to a “Select bibliography” in English. Finally, a short list of works in German, a short list of works in Dutch, and the (unfortunately) unreliable bibliography of the period. There is also an index of personal names.

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Previous winners: Philip Thorneycroft, Thomas Forrest-Thomson, New Poets Award School of English University of Leeds, 1971.

The author seems to suggest, though he does not explicitly state, that even science is not free from myth-making and plainly says himself as a “Doppelgänger” who has long pursued the apparently well-fit path of science while his double lurks somewhere in the romantic thickets. Indeed the writing of this book might almost be regarded as the spinning of a personal myth designed to integrate these discordant elements of his nature.

In the three following chapters Professor Hudson is openly autobiographical, telling us first of his undergraduate life in Oxford in the middle 1950s and then of his eleven years at Cambridge, first as a research student and later as an independent research worker. He has interesting points to make about both places, though it might seem doubtful whether some of his judgments amount to very much. Of Oxford philosophy, for example, he remarks that its concern, “almost to the point of obsession, with the question of intellectual control” derives from “the classical training that many of the older philosophers had enjoyed—a training designed by Victorians as a means of

translating tradesmen's sons into colonial administrators and gentlemen”. Also Victorian, he adds, was “the sense that philosophical analysis was a process of cleansing; of purging from the temple of reason all that was alien and sallying”. Such observations do not inspire confidence in the author's knowledge of Victorian Oxford, least of all its philosophers. Nor do they suggest that his knowledge of modern Oxford philosophers is particularly profound.

Fortunately, Professor Hudson soon turns from philosophical issues. These include the contemporary disenchantment—particularly among the young—with objective and behaviourist psychology, the nature of its educational system, and the issue of “hard” (i.e. experimental, biological) versus “soft” (i.e. social, clinical) psychology. Like many people who come to psychology from an Arts background, Professor Hudson evidently worshipped too intensely at the feet of the “Great God Science” and is only belatedly discovering the extent to which clay enters into their composition. Formerly

a militantly “hard” psychologist, he is now unashamedly attracted to the “soft”. This is no bad thing, yet it should be borne in mind that this particular distinction appears to both psychologists who turn to the scientific method more than orthodox scientists who turn to psychology. Perhaps what is wanted is not so much “scientific” psychology as psychology which has had training and experience in other and more traditional fields of science.

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teach, you indoctrinate

BOOK (Editor):
Teach, you indoctrinate
Oxpp. Routledge and Kegan Paul, 1971.

Teach, you indoctrinate consists of a collection of essays in educational philosophy all centring on the fashionable subject of indoctrination, and what, if anything, distinguishes it from conditioning, instruction and so on. As a collection, it is less than satisfactory, not only because for reasons of copy-right the discussion turns in and out of the indefatigable John Atkinson, but also because the missing link, one by the indefatigable John Atkinson, is not included in the collection.

However, both the missing link, one by the indefatigable John Atkinson, and one by R. M. Atkinson, are discussed and quoted from in the collection. The reader must of course depend on the prior question of what indoctrination is? It seems plain, in fact, that no one would ever seriously argue the idea

same general ideas are handled about quite a lot in different forms in these pages.

One has the feeling that the philosophy of education is very much a thing between being and not being at the moment. And the eminent philosophers here represented, R. F. Atkinson, Antony Flew, John Wilson and others appear to be quite glad of a subject about which there are a number of points to be made, some of them points about knowledge and truth, some about morality, and some about ordinary language. The questions debated are, first, what constitutes indoctrination? Is it a special method of teaching, or is it something to do with subject-matter, or something to do with the teacher's intentions, or all or none of these? And then is indoctrination, always wrong, or can it sometimes be justified (but the answer to this question must of course depend on the prior question of what indoctrination is)? It seems plain, in fact, that no one would ever seriously argue the idea

tion of indoctrinating another; nor would any teacher ever describe what he was doing as indoctrinating his pupil. It therefore looks as if indoctrination is the description always of someone else's activities not one's own; and it is likely therefore that the use of the term is normally derogatory, though, paradoxically, one might be brought to admit that in a particular case something one described as indoctrination had a good effect. Again, on the whole, the conclusion that one thinks of doctrines (that is a special kind of coherent set of beliefs) as what is indoctrinated seems unexceptionable and fairly unexciting. And all the contributors appear to agree that if indoctrination is bad, it is so because of its irrational nature. The best kind of teaching is that which presents the pupil with arguments as well as with conclusions. But of course to say that indoctrination is irrational and good teaching is somehow rational; or that the one appeals to the irrational in the pupil

while the other appeals to the rational element, is not to say very much except that we nowadays approve of some kinds of teaching more than others; and perhaps that the whole notion of a body of received doctrine is repugnant to many of us.

There is no very clear-cut criterion offered in this book by which we may distinguish the rational from the irrational, or the uncritically received from the reasonably held belief. All in all, though a good many interesting things emerge in the course of these essays, there is a certain poverty of ideas. The main impression one gets is of philosophers somewhat firmly clotted round and round, hoping that they will not appear to be bored with the subject. If there is such a thing as the philosophy of education (and Plato and others have certainly thought that there was)—we could wish that it could announce itself a little more boldly than it does in this specimen collection.

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Viewpoint

BY IAN HAMILTON

In a couple of weeks' time I will be publishing the tenth anniversary issue of the *Review*. Like any birthday (any of my birthdays, that is to say) the occasion will, I suspect, not find me renouncing all that blithely for the bubbly. At best, it will be a day for enjoying a lengthy banquet of mixed feelings. There will of course be gratification; simply to have kept a small poetry magazine going for a decade (though there have been odd stretches in which it did take an enforced breather) must induce some sort of survivor's self-congratulation. And, looking back on the whole run of the *Review*, I know that there have been enough good things in it for me not to feel, even fleetingly, that the whole thing was a waste of time. But these mild complacencies will be outweighed, if I am honest, by a strong sense of how little the magazine has changed the things it set out to change, how far short it has fallen of its original objectives.

These, admittedly, were grandiose. When the *Review* began, the poetry world—as viewed from an Oxford bed-sitter—seemed both sterile and corrupt: sterile in the sense that the prevailing and praised modes were either sub-Movement rationalisations, mechanical and dull, or the souped-up journalism of the then vigorously self-publicizing Group; corrupt because the kind of reviewing that all this wretched stuff was treated to was insipid and timorous in a way that could only (or so it seemed from where I sat) have been engendered by a profound social or careerist terror. With the exception of Alvarez in *The Observer*, the whole metropolitan gang (at any rate the poetry bit of it) appeared phillistine and ill-livered.

Yes, ancient indignations, and I'd agree that as a new member of said gang (along with several of the *Review's* early contributors) I'd find it hard to take precisely the same view—but in 1962 there was no doubt about it: what was needed was a magazine that would clear the air, that would be rigorous and polemical, that would put dunces and would-be charlatans and so on. And, more than that, what was needed was a new poetry, or a new sense of the poetic. To me, and to one or two of my friends, it seemed that poetry in the postwar period had strayed off into the territory of classy journalism, of the mini-essay; that it had lost any real sense of (or interest in) what it was poetry—or could become.

In the second issue of the *Review*, Colin Falek—who, along with the talented American poet Michael Fried, was one of the magazine's important guiding lights—laid down at least the basic tendencies we hoped to see develop. He spoke first of

personality becomes a thing of alarming importance. Our experience of others is an increasingly vital means by which our awareness grows. Another result is the dominant role of shorter poems. This is because in the effort now to

concentrate, a poetry that would prove whatever it proposed.

Looking back then to those original objectives, both critical and creative, one has to ask oneself how much of all that vehemence has actually paid off. On the critical side, it seems to me that the most that can be claimed—in terms of influence—is that the *Review* has been a useful watchdog kind of presence. The general level of poetry reviewing (though one might now take a more resigned attitude to it) is no more honest and purposeful today than it was ten years ago; and even those of the *Review's* contributors who have taken up reviewing spots in the weeklies have seemed strangely unaffected by the elevation. And if there were, ten years ago, prevailing modes that appeared to us unlovely, today's fashions are by comparison grotesque. With the emergence of Liverpoolians and sub-Black-Mountainers, one tends to look back with positive admiration on many of one's bygone targets: at least they had brains and could read. I have now and then caught myself proclaiming, in fact, the simplicito-contrived "split" between the "academic" and "non-academic" poets has made it possible to abuse from a paper like the *Review* to act almost as a positive incentive to write badly. Thus keeping the magazine going has often seemed to have had more to do with conservation, with the maintenance of near-extinct notions, than with anything genuinely progressive.

On the creative side, I confess to far less gloom—and what gloom I do

Rose

In the delicately shrouded heart
Of this white rose, a patient eye
The eye of love

Knows who I am and where I've been
Tonight, and what I wish I'd done.

I have been watching this white rose
For hours, imagining
Each tremor of each petal to be like a breath
That silences and soothes.

Look at it, I'd say to you
If you were here: it is a sign
Of what is brief, and lonely
And in love.
But you have gone and so I'll call it wise
A patient breath, an eye, a rose
That opens up too easily, and dies.

IAN HAMILTON

wards purely poetic recreation of meaning the long poem risks either simply reflecting the private pattern of the poet's mind, or the eliding out with conscious thought. The would-be long poem must settle with the *Quixotes* and *The Bridge* first. In the same way, didacticism is out, and with it the kind of shrewd Movement message-poem which is really a lot of unrelated images strung on one long idea.

This goes, in fact, for any abstraction or discursiveness which isn't involved essentially in a pattern of direct lyrical recreation; and therefore includes the inaudible most fashionable in America today which harps on, round and through the "language problem" itself to the point of complete effacement and beyond. All this follows from the kind of total enterprise that modern poetry disdains: is: Blackman's characterization of Eliot's poetry as "bringing the whole soul of man into activity" applies to serious modern poetry in general. But it follows, to the same degree, that serious poems may now seem less concerned with expertise than they used to be and more with experiencing; for as can be taken for granted, and honesty has driven us back to the kind of basic lyrical awareness that we find in our most essential poetry since Eliot.

This quotation is hardly fair to Falek, since it presents the overly sloganizing upshot of what was a subtly moulded argument. But it does, I think, give some idea of what the magazine believed it was after: a new lyricism, direct, personal, con-

centrated, a poetry that would prove whatever it proposed. Looking back then to those original objectives, both critical and creative, one has to ask oneself how much of all that vehemence has actually paid off. On the critical side, it seems to me that the most that can be claimed—in terms of influence—is that the *Review* has been a useful watchdog kind of presence. The general level of poetry reviewing (though one might now take a more resigned attitude to it) is no more honest and purposeful today than it was ten years ago; and even those of the *Review's* contributors who have taken up reviewing spots in the weeklies have seemed strangely unaffected by the elevation. And if there were, ten years ago, prevailing modes that appeared to us unlovely, today's fashions are by comparison grotesque. With the emergence of Liverpoolians and sub-Black-Mountainers, one tends to look back with positive admiration on many of one's bygone targets: at least they had brains and could read. I have now and then caught myself proclaiming, in fact, the simplicito-contrived "split" between the "academic" and "non-academic" poets has made it possible to abuse from a paper like the *Review* to act almost as a positive incentive to write badly. Thus keeping the magazine going has often seemed to have had more to do with conservation, with the maintenance of near-extinct notions, than with anything genuinely progressive.

To be published on August 21st

THE TRIAL OF THE FOUR

Compiled by PAVEL LITVINOV

Edited by PETER REDDAWAY

With a foreword by LEONARD SCHAPIRO

The Four—Galanskov, Ginzburg, Dobrovolsky, and Lasnik—were sentenced under article 70 of the Russian Criminal Code for agitation and propaganda subverting the state. This book centres on the unofficial transcript of the trial and gives what perhaps the most detailed picture to appear of opposition to the Soviet government, and how that government deals with it. Pavel Litvinov, who was himself exiled to Siberia, is to be released at the end of the year.

Colin Falek and (though he has a variety of manners) Douglas, have all, it seems to me, written poems which go a long way towards answering the kind of questions Falek outlined in his issue. They have also written self-paradoxically: some centred in the direction of their own work, and some in the direction of their own work. And it is this error that has seized on by every reviewer and commentator who has taken it upon itself to identify a *Review* poet.

The fact that only now have any of these poets been could reasonably be described as "minimal" poem (it is something around five or six lines) has been ignored; and has been made, by any reader, to either (a) seriously consider the possibility that a poem of that length might be able to achieve effects that he has achieved at greater length; (b) go beyond parentheticals about Cherrystones, or of Silence, to engage the principles behind the poems. There have been endless pages of *Review* poems, and fearing noise, but not a single critique. Personally I believe schools ought to be discouraged or less as soon as they are as such, but if they have any sense it is surely to affirm or efface a critical idea. My case of the *Review*, the poem is as good as the idea, and there is something deeply symptomatic about the thing of a general eagerness to begin with a general reluctance to begin to guess at what is the true nature of the relation between them, are the poets astute of the whole endeavour. One can only agree. It seems simple enough. Why, then, do so many commentators begin with their hands on the poet's head, and end with their hands on the poet's head? It is a paradox of Coleridge studies that his poems are severe and perceptive, while those who study them are correspondingly indulgent. (See, for instance, Donald MacFarlane's introduction to the edition of Coleridge's *Biographia Literaria*.) Coleridge's thought is a sympathetic approach and a sympathetic infusion of that detail which is so conspicuous in biographical writing. Finally, it is the flow of Mr. Falek's excellent book that there is a consistent distinction between the poet and Coleridge.

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No doubt every magazine feels that its progeny is set free, and that it is a paradox of Coleridge studies that his poems are severe and perceptive, while those who study them are correspondingly indulgent. (See, for instance, Donald MacFarlane's introduction to the edition of Coleridge's *Biographia Literaria*.) Coleridge's thought is a sympathetic approach and a sympathetic infusion of that detail which is so conspicuous in biographical writing. Finally, it is the flow of Mr. Falek's excellent book that there is a consistent distinction between the poet and Coleridge.

Deviates, having now established his doubt, turns to the problem of certainty in his Second Meditation. First, he postulates a demon, the Arch Deceiver, whose purpose is to deceive man. This hypothesis, as A. J. Ayer says in *The Problem of Knowledge*, "may be regarded as a picturesque way of expressing the fact that intuitive conviction is not a logical guarantee of truth". The problem is, then: is anything certain, given the existence of the Arch Deceiver? Descartes writes: "Let him deceive me as much as he will, he can never cause me to be anything so long as I am something." In other words, everything we think may be incorrect, but we cannot doubt that we are thinking. This is the Cartesian certainty.

Given the certainty that the self exists, Descartes asks what this self is. The answer to this question creates the whole mind/body problem which is the central subject of the *Biographia Literaria*. Descartes' method of reaching the essence of something is to strip off attributes to see if their absence radically alters that something. In the case of the self, he removes the body attributes and discovers that doubting the existence of his arms and legs does not make him doubt the existence of himself. His conclusion, therefore, is that the essence of self, the *res cogitans*—I think, therefore I am. The essence of man is thought, and thought does not occupy space.

In his Third Meditation, Descartes sets about discovering the essence of matter using the same method. The attributes of a piece of wax are as follows: figure (shape), hardness, magnitude (extension), that which takes up space, colour, smell and other tactile properties. The attri-



OWEN BARFIELD:
What Coleridge Thought
285pp. Oxford University Press.
£3.70.

Human Knowledge, summarizes for us:

I dreamed last night that I was in Germany, in a house which looked on a ruined church; in my dream I supposed at first that the church had been bombed during the recent war, but was subsequently informed that its destruction dated from the worst of religion in the 16th C. All this, so long as I remained asleep, had all the convincingness of waking life. I did really have the dream, and did really have an experience intrinsically indistinguishable from that of seeing a church when awake. It follows that an experience which I call "seeing a church" is not conclusive evidence that there is a church, since it may occur when there is no such object as I suppose in my dream. It may be said that, though when dreaming I may think that I am awake, when I wake I know that I am awake, but I do not see how we are to have any such certainty.

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Coleridge: the I and the world

Is that it is not possible to hold both positions at once.

In the *Biographia Literaria*, Coleridge attacks putative solutions to the mind/body gap. His criticism is always the same in essence. It is that in order to establish a rapprochement between Mind and Matter, philosophers falsify one of the terms. Hartley, for example, discusses the mind as if it were a machine subject to mechanical laws. Priestley falsifies the other term: "He strips matter of all its material properties; substituted spiritual powers; and when we expected to find a body, behold I we had nothing but a ghost! the apparition of a defunct substance!"

Actually, Coleridge illustrates Priestley's error better than Priestley. If "better", one means "more enjoyable", for it is in Coleridge's "Conversation Poems", written under the influence of Priestley, that one finds matter "stripped of all its material properties". "This Lime-Tree Bower", for instance turns on a contrast between two radically different scenes. The first is the "roaring dell" where Nature is a kind of life-in-death devoid of inner force:

Unsunned and damp, whose few poor yellow leaves
Ne'er tremble in the gale, yet tremble still,
Fann'd by the water-fall!

One might compare Eliot's image of pseudo-life, of survival rather than genuine existence:

A broken spring in a factory yard,
Rust that clings to the form that the strength has left
(Hard and curled and ready to snap.

The prospect changes to a many-sleeped tract where

Less grim than bodily . . . all doth seem

Similarly, in "Reflections on Having Left a Place of Retirement", a prospect is gradually deprived of its material properties: "Dull counsils, and round-like hills. . ." (reviewer's italics)

The myth, started by Coleridge, is that his philosophical interests killed his poetry. The truth is that philosophy fed Coleridge's poetry, but so well that we often do not recognize it: the intellect, for instance, in "Frost at Midnight" express symbolically the mystery of the Mind/Matter antithesis. "The secret ministry" (reviewer's italics) is a spiritual force that hangs up icicles which are matter. The spiritual becomes palpable. It is a brilliant example of Valéry's dictum that "stark naked thoughts and feelings are weak as naked men. So they have to be clothed". The best comparison would be Marvell's "green thought in a green shade". Other poets have, on the whole, expressed the terrible chasm between Mind and Matter: "Give me an Ounce of Claret; good Apothecary sweeten my imagination", and "Twill hardly buy a capcase for one's conscience. . ."

By the time he was writing the *Biographia*, however, Coleridge had rejected Priestley's solution and was looking about for a solution of his own. In chapter twelve, he refers to Leibniz's assertion that the true philosophy would "at once explain and collect the fragments of truth scattered through systems apparently the most incongruous". This was what Coleridge hoped to do. Thomas MacFarlane's painstaking *Coleridge: and the Pious Tradition* has demonstrated conclusively that Coleridge believed all philosophies could be reduced to two essential positions: namely, the IT IS, and the I AM. In other words, Materialism and Idealism, which will eventually arrive, via different routes, at a solution of the Mind/Matter problem.

Mr Barfield does not distinguish sufficiently between the two approaches. Rather, he offers a brilliant exegesis of the Materialist route, by amassing Coleridge's sprawling comments scattered around his works, and by using his *Hints Towards a More Comprehensive Theory of Life* to effect a striking synthesis. In the *Biographia*, Coleridge's account of the Materialist route is extremely brief and, ultimately, nothing more than conjecture: "In nature itself the more the principle of law breaks forth, the more does the husk drop off, the phenomena themselves be-

The Crusades Hans Eberhard Mayer

The original German edition of this history of the Crusades was highly praised by the *English Historical Review* in 1967. It provides a narrative account of the Crusades combined with analysis of their cultural and political background and discussion of controversial issues. It questions some previously accepted interpretations, and there is a fresh treatment of the problem of Indulgences. 3 maps. £3 paper covers £1.50

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Edited by
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and the United States

Bernard Schwartz
and H. W. R. Wade

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Oxford
University
Press



The mystery and its manuscript

CHARLES DICKENS:

The Mystery of Edwin Drood

Edited by Margaret Cardwell

260pp. Clarendon Press: Oxford University Press, £4.50.

The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club

Edited by Robert L. Patten

952pp. 80p.

The Old Curiosity Shop

Edited by Angus Easson

720pp. 60p.

American Notes for General Circulation

Edited by John S. Whitley and Arnold Goldman

361pp. 50p.

Penguin.

"An ancient English Cathedral Tower? How can the ancient English Cathedral tower be here? The well-known massive grey square tower of its old Cathedral? How can that be there?" The opening of *Edwin Drood* is arresting, and has often been praised, but its text is incorrect, as the nonsensical "is" in the third sentence makes clear.

No editor before Margaret Cardwell, however, in her present Clarendon edition of the novel, seems to have noticed that tower should, in the first sentence, be *town* (as it is in Dickens's manuscript). *Tower* is in the 1870 serialization, and it is in all the editions that follow. The present reviewer's hand (Gadshill, Everyman, Nonesuch, Oxford Illustrated, Chilton, Signet), and no commentator on a novel which has been picked over with toothcombs, in search of clues to "The Mystery", seems to have queried the wording, either. This is inattention on a formidable scale, and we must all feel ashamed that it took over a century to rectify this error in the very first words of the novel, with the manuscript available,

too, in the Victoria and Albert Museum.

Dickens must of course be blamed

also, for he passed the proofs containing this repeated mistake. As Dr Cardwell remarks, "he was capable of being incredibly careless over his proof-reading". The great professional in most other respects, he was lax indeed in this. On Dr Cardwell's evidence, he noted only about one-third of the errors introduced by his printers, and then he rarely checked proof against manuscript but often created new readings. The Clarendon *Drood* does not sustain—how could it?—the drama of its emendation of the opening sentences, but it certainly presents a text far closer to Dickens's intentions than that of any preceding edition. If anything, it is too reverential towards the manuscript, restoring manuscript readings when the 1870 text is perfectly acceptable—and, as most of Dickens's working proof-sheets are not extant, the reason for the differences between manuscript and first printed version must often be speculative.

To cite one minor example: in the sixth sentence of the novel, the manuscript reads "What is the spike . . ." and the printed version "What is the spike . . .". Dr Cardwell adopts the manuscript capitalization, though on five other occasions in the first paragraph she accepts the printed version where it differs from the manuscript; it is not evident why here the manuscript should be preferred.

Dr Cardwell was appointed to her task in 1961 (the general editor remarks), and we must be grateful for her long slog. She has established a much purified text, has fascinating manuscript passages re-written or omitted in the printed text, and in her introduction and appendices has traced in exact detail the process of the novel's conception, writing and publication. It is useful to know, for instance, that some over-explicit hints about Jasper's animosity towards Edwin were deleted or reduced, and that the

strange passage about Mr Crisparkle's puzzlement about why he had been drawn to the weir was an addition at proof stage. The editor offers some helpful speculations, too, about the impulses behind the novel, such as the possible influence upon the conception of John Jasper and of Fickmann-Chatrian's *Le Juif Polonais* (theater-known as *The Jew*) by the English version by Leopold Lewis, *The Jew*. Neither her editorial matter, however, nor the textual variants which she records will put an end to Droodian speculations. A first reading, at least, of the textual apparatus suggests that few extra clues to the Mystery are to be found in the manuscript.

Nor does it seem to tell us very much about Dickens's art or craft. Most of the alterations are, as Dr Cardwell notes, stylistic (and she makes the interesting suggestion that, as many seem to be in the case of euphony, the public readers may have made Dickens even more acutely sensitive to sound), but the alternatives are not very extensive nor, on the whole, particularly interesting. Indeed, the present edition of *Drood*, together with the few other Dickens texts which lately have been fully edited, suggests that the textual exercise, though necessary, will not prove at all as illuminating as (say) the study of D. H. Lawrence's manuscript or Henry James's revisions, let alone the holographs of Wordsworth or Keats. Almost all of Dickens's work was completed when he put pen to paper; his subsequent alterations, whether *currente calamo* or in proof, or in later editions, do not amount to a great deal, either in bulk or in significance.

The Penguin English Library edition of Dickens is now almost complete (only *Nicholas Nickleby*, *Barnaby Rudge*, and *Edwin Drood*, among the novels, remain to be published, though it is to be hoped that some of the essays and shorter

tales will be added to the list, too). Despite some shortcomings and inconsistencies, this is the most serviceable near-complete Dickens yet published. The Clarendon edition will certainly be superior in text but, excluding both explanatory annotation and critical appraisal, it lacks what many readers want or need. The Norton Critical Editions will most fully combine the merits of Clarendon and Penguin, but Dickens has only just begun to enter their list. The Penguin editors' introductions and annotations rarely fall below competence and are often excellent, and the appendices and other ancillary matter are valuable and sometimes both copious and adventurous. In the latest batch, for instance, the *Pickwick* includes Ilus's two plates as well as the Phiz ones which replaced them; there are maps of *Pickwick's* London and England, an appendix on the Seymour controversy, and not only all Dickens's prefaces to the novel but also all his Addresses in the Reader and the text of the elaborate advertisement which he wrote for the *Athenaeum*. No other available edition of *Pickwick* assembles so much material. Useful features of the other two items include the transcription, in the notes to *The Old Curiosity Shop*, of a large number of excellent passages in the manuscript which were deleted in proof (mostly to reduce the instalments to their set length, and an ample selection from Dickens's letters about America, as an appendix to *American Notes*.

A less satisfactory feature of the Penguin Dickens is the text. Here, the General Editor might have enforced greater uniformity of practice, and probed more fully his editor's decisions and procedures. Of the present three texts, in instance, the *Pickwick* uses Dickens's latest revised edition as copy-text, the *Old Curiosity Shop* uses his first (1841) edition, and *American Notes*, for some inscrutable reason, Andrew

Lang's Caxton edition. It is a pity that these texts do not always conform to the same standards. The *Pickwick* edition, for instance, has some textual variants, often random few. Thus, Robert Poulter, who introduced the reader to *Pickwick* in Number XV, written in 1837, in Hogarth's death, concluding of those Fleet chapters: "perhaps the most amusing, while novel, and which revised in places in 1837" (my scope), is culturally speaking, more than a province of France, a Belgian writer hardly exists (Lang's edition has "Belgium", which is always and the times, styles finger more

basic to be amended in the printings. What might be corrected is the page higraphical note which faces all the Penguin editions (except, oddly, the *Book*). This contains a number of errors. In *John Dickens* was to be the whole family, but the family except Charles, was him. He was released, not a legacy from his mother, Angus Pearson showed in a vision, January 1971 by the process of leaving himself alone. In *David Copperfield*, the first number of the book, the dates given for the publication of *Officer Toyt*, *Notes* and *Forster's Life* are

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Concerto pour Anne Queru", in which the temptations of the flesh struggle with those of abstract intelligence.

According to the official spokesmen of Belgian literature, Roger Budart is a major poet. This is doubtful. But Budart is a man of importance, on account less of his work than of his actions. Little can be said of his poetry, except that it follows illustrious models: Claudel, Aragon. This substitute for the French article can pass itself off as genuine for a page or two. Budart is also interested in foreign literatures, an infrequent attitude in Belgium. He was one of the first in Belgium to take an interest in Ezra Pound. But above all he has discovered and encouraged some postwar writers—Alain Bosquet, Mogin, Bertin, Liliane Wouters (his best recruit). A tireless lecturer, Budart has also been responsible for introducing Belgian literature to France. He is to be thanked by many a writer who has been included in Seghers's series "Poètes d'aujourd'hui". His enthusiasm for the young is not boundless: he has always valued skill above temperament. Now that he is free of his official functions (he was a senior civil servant in the Ministry of Culture), Budart is held in respect as a kind of itinerant ambassador for Belgian letters; it would be more accurate to describe him as a travelling salesman.

There are only two survivors left now of the Surrealist outburst, one of the great moments of our literature: Louis Scutenaire and Marcel Maréchal. The others are gone: Paul Nougé, the most secretive of Surrealists; a prose writer as rigorous as Valéry; Marcel Lecomte, whose intricate writing may have held flashes of genius, and whom Paulhan thought a great man; Achille Chavée, a convinced communist, nervously adept at the invention of maxims, a *poète munit* who, having been loftily ignored by officialdom all his life, got a literary prize from them a few days before his death. No risk of such a tragic fate lies in store for Scutenaire, a quiet civil servant, claiming to be a Stalinist and to be interested only in football and cycle races. Scutenaire has written one good book, *Mes inscriptions*, a sort of undated diary in which the author puts down a medley of uphisms, memories, reading notes and trivial unedidies. As for Marcel Maréchal, he keeps up the tradition of the minimalist writer and, having improvised a publishing business, he has gathered together very carefully the scattered works of his former friends, particularly Paul Nougé (*L'Expérience* con-

tinues). The new generation of Surrealists deserve no more than a shrug. With naive fervour, a few young people perpetuate the rituals of the sect: manifestos, excommunications, insulting pamphlets.

For about twenty people, Pierre de la Faille (*Autopsie de Sade*) was an inspired poet. He is a sort of Belgian René Char, more diffuse and less intelligent. Having turned prophet, he has for the past few years launched into apocalyptic denunciations of the modern world. To give him his due, he has never played the official game.

Two women have introduced a personal note into Belgian poetry. Lucienne Desnoes, born French but a Belgian by marriage (to Jean Mingin), writes in *La Franche* and *Les Ours* of the feeling of unity with Nature and the felicity of daily life. She has a good sense of rhythm and a sensual feeling for words. Liliane Wouters, Flemish in origin, writes regular verse spiced with archaic-sounding clichés. She dislikes bel canto, and in her rugged poetry mixes the themes of the Flemish homeland with outbursts of personal confession. Liliane Wouters is also an outstanding translator: her version of the poems of Guido Gezelle is far superior to the original.

Escape from reality

Apart from Simonen, at least two Belgian novelists earn their living by their pens. Henri Vernes mass-produces adventure stories for adolescents: the "Bob Morane" series is past its hundredth volume. Paul Kenny (the pseudonym of Jean Libert), after being briefly in trouble at the time of the Liberation, has settled in Paris where he is making a fortune with spy stories. The innumerable adventures of his Coplan character, the usual mixture of sex and violence. Beside Kenny, Jan Fleming is a genius.

More had been expected from Françoise Mallet-Joris than is found in her chatty latest books: *Lettre à moi-même*, which recounts her conversion to Catholicism, and *La Maison de papier*, which indiscreetly discloses the private feelings of her children. Her first two books remain her best: *Le Rempart des légalités* and *La Chambre rouge*. Over the years this Mallet-Joris has culmed down: now a French citizen, she is at present a reader for a Paris publisher, and writes articles on women's liberation in popular women's magazines.

One remark made about the theatre applies equally to fiction: the

social-political reality of our times frightens off our writers. Belgium has only one proletarian novelist—Charles Parnis, who brought back from his long stay in the People's Republic of China a somewhat naïve book, *Les Égènes percent mourir*. Curiously enough, the most acute criticism of Belgian society is to be found in an upper-class writer: Daniel Gilles, a cultured man with a cosmopolitan turn of mind, has in *Jeune de présence* and *Le Coupain* taken apart the machinery of high finance. *Les Houllards de l'Étranger* reveal the meanness and hypocrisy of the provincial bourgeoisie. Gilles is also one of the rare novelists to have tackled the theme of the Congo — to them oddly absent from our literature. As an essayist, he has written sound biographies of Tolstoy, Chekhov and D. H. Lawrence. He is to be given credit for attracting the public's attention to the poems of Lawrence, until then totally unknown to French-speaking readers.

Victor Misrahi has written one novel, *Les Routes du Nord*, about the tribulations of the emigrants after the French Revolution. One would like to read another book by this author, who is sensitive, passionately fond of English literature, and a great admirer of Virginia Woolf.

Probably the most promising new Belgian novelist is Pierre Mertens. His language is rigorous and he tells a story without any silliness of style. His novels (*L'Amie de l'André*, *La Fête des Anciens*) as well as his short stories (*Le Niveau de la nuit*) are steeped in an atmosphere of unease. Mertens's characters, fascinated by some obscure experience connected with their past, attempt, not without difficulty, to communicate. Childhood is a central theme for this writer. It defines his work's originality but also its limitations. In order to realize his full potential, Mertens must one day cut the umbilical cord.

With his very first book, *Quibex*, Marcel Moreau shocked the respectable world of Belgian letters. In a country given over to moderation, the heirs of Molière are hardly welcome. Piling book on book, Moreau is building a manic, paroxysmic work, in which sex plays a large part. The plot in these novels is tenuous, logic is often absent, but his books teem with illuminating imagery. Indeed, his lyrical outbursts can become tiresome. But Moreau is a truly robust writer, a rare thing in Belgium. An irony of fate has decreed that he should work for some time as a proof-reader for the newspaper *Le*

Soleil. The literary page of *Le Soleil* was at that time one of the strongholds of the academics. The relationship between the pontiffs and their grumbler was not an easy one. Can you imagine Louis-Ferdinand Céline working for Henri Duvrenoy? Moreau, it seems, slammed the door and went. Disgraced with Belgium, he now lives in Paris.

Another Belgian in Paris, Jacques Sternberg, is highly talented, but fritters away his ability in tasteless journals. Fond of fantasy and science-fiction, Sternberg specializes in short tales, and his verbal inventiveness is both comic and disturbing. He wrote the script for Alain Resnais's film *Le Cube*, *Le Cube*, his latest novel, *Le Cœur froid*, shows a wish to escape the routine of fantasy and science-fiction.

Moods, not systems

Jean Paulhan considered Robert Poulet the only Belgian literary critic. But Poulet, who was sentenced to death at the Liberation and is still forbidden to re-enter Belgium, is a name unmentionable in our country. (Like Marceau, he is not named in the recent *Guide littéraire de la Belgique*, *de la Hollande et de la Belgique*, put together by Budart and friends, a ludicrous work which includes everyone down to the most obscure dialect-writing poet.) In his pamphlets, *Contre le style* and *Contre l'œuvre*, Poulet asserts himself aggressively as a right-wing writer. He models himself on Joseph de Maistre and the Bandoliers of the *Journal des Débats*. He is an elitist in matters of morals as of aesthetics. He has no system, just moods. (I) All our critics he is the only one with style.

Style is indeed what Emile Noullet lacks most. With anti-like patience, this academic writer has taken apart supposedly obscure texts to show how they work. For her, only the text exists. She is hostile to all explanatory systems which are not specifically literary (such as Marxism, psychoanalysis, structuralism). In the field of poetry, she worships Valéry; her book about him is quite a worthy one. Her major work, *L'Œuvre poétique de Stéphane Mallarmé*, is now outmoded but not yet superseded. Emile Noullet has reached an age when it would be wise to stop publishing books. Her latest book, *La Ton poétique*, is a catastrophe: it reads as if written by some delirious schoolboy.

Some essay-writers are strictly one-book men. Albert Fasnay, painter

and art critic, studies in *Le du passé* the sterility of the art of the past. The relationship between the pontiffs and their grumbler was not an easy one. Can you imagine Louis-Ferdinand Céline working for Henri Duvrenoy? Moreau, it seems, slammed the door and went. Disgraced with Belgium, he now lives in Paris.

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IDEAS OF IRELAND

UDLEY EDWARDS:
New History of Ireland
Dublin: Gill and Macmillan.

For nearly forty years R. Dudley Edwards has been one of the leading historians in Ireland, and many generations of students and researchers have come under his stimulating influence. It has never been his forward, though in a somewhat allusive and elusive manner, a potentially valuable interpretation of Irish history — indeed, one might almost say a philosophy of Irish history — and has at the same time attempted to provide a sufficient narrative basis to make this accessible to readers approaching the subject for the first time. In any circumstances, this would be a difficult task; in the narrow space that Professor Edwards has allowed himself it is an impossible one.

Perhaps the difficulties he has had to face account for the curious carelessness about simple matters of fact. To take one example: he asserts that the Irish reform act of 1832 (which he misdates 1833) increased the county representation and left the boroughs untouched; in fact, it left the county constituencies as they were, increased the number of borough members and established in the boroughs a uniform £10 franchise, as in England and Scotland. In fact, these mistakes hardly affect the line of argument he is following; but they should not have been allowed to get into print.

One could hardly recommend this book as an introduction to Irish history. It is altogether too idiosyncratic. A reader coming fresh to the subject would often be at a loss and would find no guidance in a search for further information. But the well-informed student, who can afford to treat the book simply as a running commentary on facts with which he is already familiar, will find here a good deal to stimulate thought.

big and little Tudors

WILSON:
The Tudor
Helmston, £3.25.
D. MATHWY:
The Tudor
Eyre Methuen, £3.95.
The Life and Times of Henry VIII
Weidenfeld and Nicolson.

the interest in reading history books — the reactions of those to their problems. There is a certain amount of overlap in their work: not the impact of the Tudor period, but the questions they ask; and, judging the methods they use to obtain their answers. These studies evoke such reflections.

In order to emphasize the crisis through which these people lived the author compares his chapters to a series of panels in a Tudor tapestry, the separate items of which blend into the Tudor scene. A word must be spared for Mr Wilson's thoroughness and breadth of research. He has spared no labour in working through the archives of Lincolnshire families, central and local and other records, which have resulted in much fresh information; while the arrangement and evaluation has produced a piece of historical writing as informative as it is readable.

Tudor society. These are the people who, as Mr Wilson puts it, have not yet got into the history books. They include some of the ordinary folk of the Chilterns, and southern England, and, singled out for special treatment, a significant group of Lincolnshire country squires like Sir William Ayscough, whose daughter Anne, a woman of intelligence and incredible courage, was an early victim of a heresy hunt which ended in her martyrdom.

Mr Wilson's work is a running commentary on facts with which he is already familiar, will find here a good deal to stimulate thought.

In contrast to these ordinary Lincolnshire people David Mathew finds his main interest with the great, with the makers of history of the period, with the statesmen, the high ecclesiastics, the men around the throne, the personalities prominent in the history books. *Lady Jane Grey* follows an earlier work in which he has already discussed the activities and influence of such leaders of society during the later years of Henry VIII's reign. Some of the results of these activities made themselves felt after the king's death, and Dr Mathew's new study continues the interpretation of the power politics involved in the deadly rivalry of Protector Somerset and Dudley, sometime Duke of Northumberland, a subject fully explored within the context of the young King Edward VI's reign, and the victimization of

Liberal extemporizations

D. A. HAMER:
The Liberal Politics in the Age of Gladstone and Rosebery
Oxford: Clarendon Press; Oxford University Press, £4.75.

In this evocative and provocative book, D. A. Hamer treats again a stamping-ground much frequented by modern English historians, of which nevertheless there has been no thorough survey since R. K. Ensor's *England 1870-1914* came out thirty-six years ago. H. J. Hanham's *Electoral and Party Management*, valuable and incisive as it remains, deals with a narrower span in time; and even within it does not quite cover Professor Hamer's field of interest. The subtitle, "A Study in Leadership and Policy", shows what he wants us to think about: "how necessary it is for the leaders of a party . . . to try to prepare the future, to discern what large issues are coming up and plan responses to them".

Yet, as the title shows, he only covers the Liberal half (or third) of the political spectrum. He believes that the Liberals, as so often happens with the less conservative party in a two-party system, had a "permanently suspicious leadership", a "desire to reduce its scope and minimize its independence", while "the achievement and retention of political power by the Liberals must depend . . . on the overriding or subduing of sectionalism and the creation of a unified majority feeling in the country". And he holds that the task of Liberal leaders, was to concern themselves with the form of policies, as well as their content; to ensure in fact that each cry was popular as well as just, and that not too many cries were started at once. Only this could no adequate parliamentary majority be secured, to promote progressive policies in office.

Gladstone of course was adept at securing the kind of unity the Liberals needed; while retaining a

wholly individual position in the party, leaning neither to its radical nor to its conservative side. "Talk of the Liberal party?" John Morley said in 1891. "Why it consists of Mr G. After him it will disappear and all will be chaos." One of several telling extracts from E. W. Hamilton's diaries, in a work that neatly interlinks published and unpublished sources, but once the majority in the Commons had been secured, what followed?

In Gladstone's second government, from 1880 to 1885, not half as much as the advanced sections of the party wanted: a sop to a head or two of the radical Cerberus, and after long delays the Reform Act of 1884; and that was all. There had been no concerted plans in advance among what nowadays we should call shadow ministers; in fact no planning had been done at all. So the administration had to side along, on an extemporized course, in a hand-to-mouth way; in just the fashion of a much more recent, nominally progressive cabinet, for which a week in politics was a long time.

Moreover, then as now there were difficulties with the Irish: which Professor Hamer maintains — led Gladstone to adopt his Home Rule policy as a device for clearing the field of parliamentary action, by getting the Irish members away from Westminster to Dublin. After the double failure of the first two Home Rule Bills, the Lords emerged as an alternative focus for Liberal discontent. A focused policy was, on the whole, preferred to a diffuse one; diffusion too often brought dissension.

The traditional Liberal view as to the meaning of Liberalism centred on the idea of enlarging freedom, emancipat-

ing the individual, and breaking down hindrances and obstructions, especially those created "unnaturally", that is by governments and political authorities, to a freer and more "natural" life.

Gladstone's successor Lord Rosebery, above all, was anxious to preserve the Liberals as a political group that transcended classes, and pursued freedom; but he had to strive against an emerging parliamentary labour movement, and a readiness among some young Liberals to envisage the liberal/conservative split as one that ought to take place along class lines.

But Rosebery's hold on the leadership was brief. After he left, in one of his many fits of pique, in 1896, "The leaders had no positive guidance to give the party as to the development of policy" — a strategy of negation was all they had to offer. Rosebery sought, from a distance, to secure "the destruction of Gladstone's influence and of the various legacies of Gladstonism in Liberal politics . . . so that the Liberal Party could make a fresh start with principles and policies which were in accordance with the feelings of the majority of electors". He played the liberal imperialist card, as a non-socialist but still constructive system of social reform; this divided the party further, instead of uniting it. Yet there was never a complete split; liberal imperialists and anti-imperialists alike managed to restrain their venom towards their opponents within their own party. A still more recent, indeed a current political parallel at once springs to mind. If comparable restraint is shown by the socialist pro-European and anti-European factions in the Labour Party, will they find a Campbell-Bannerman to lead them to another landslide victory like 1906?

Royalist revenge

JACQUES GODECHOT:
The Counter-Revolution
Doctrines and Action 1789-1804
Translated by Salvatore Attanasio
405pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul, £4.25.

Jacques Godechot's *La Contre-Révolution: doctrine et action* was first published in 1961. Even at that time, the book, which is not at all in the same category of excellence as the same author's work on July 14 (also translated, hardly represented the last word on a recalcitrant and fractionized subject. During the last decade, the whole study of the Counter-Revolution and of the Counter-Terror — of the White Terrorists and the killers of the allegedly royalist murder gangs — has been given a completely new dimension by such pioneering works as those of Charles Tilly and Marcel Fauriol on the Vendée, of Hervey Michell on the rôle of the British secret service, of Jacqueline Chaudmelle on the comte d'Antraigues, and Tim Le Goff and Don Sutherland on the *chouannerie*. To understand the political thought of Jacob Nicolas Moreau, it would be necessary to turn to P. Guiraud de Courson's recent study of the education of Louis XVI. M. Godechot's bibliography has not been brought up to date; and readers of the present volume, unacquainted with the increasingly sophisticated historiography of the period, will not be offered even an initial understanding of the present state of play.

The book itself is pedestrian, unimaginative, and sometimes trite. The style, at least in translation, often seems more appropriate to a Child's History of France than to a work of scholarship. The impression of *inableness* is further accentuated by a constant abuse of the historic present. But if M. Godechot writes simply, he does not write with warmth; his counter-revolutionaries, both in thought and in action, are cardboard figures, potted bio-

graphes, lifted out of a work of reference. They never for an instant come alive, and we are left completely in the dark about the possible motivations of counter-revolutionary commitment. It is all as dreary as a biographical dictionary, and not nearly as useful. M. Godechot does not even make as much as he could of much of the biographical material that he produces: the fact, for instance, that so many of the militant and thinkers of the Counter-Revolution were almost neighbours, coming from small market or administrative towns in the Ardèche, the Lozère, the Gard, the Aveyron, the Cantal, Vaucluse, and the Haute-Loire; the fact that both d'Antraigues and the celebrated abbé Mourey were of southern families of Huguenot origin. Is this merely a coincidence? Or might it not have some bearing on the emergence, both under the Directory and during the Second White Terror, of a *royalisme du Midi*?

M. Godechot often appears to think that he has made his point when he has quoted, favourably, from some other work: "Lyons, at this time, was the true capital of French mysticism, as has been clearly demonstrated by Louis Ténard." There is a great deal of this. And like other hold spirits who have ventured into the tangled history of intelligence agencies, he takes a great deal for granted. If anything, after reading his book one is even more at a loss over how to interpret the shifting evidence provided by the *Droptemps Papers*. M. Godechot not only takes a lot for granted, stretching his evidence to cloth an uncertain thesis; he is sometimes plainly wrong. Nothing could be more misleading than to state: "The White Terror came to an end at Lyons in July of 1795." It didn't. And it is easy to talk of "the almost complete failure of this action in 1804, the year in which the study ends." To choose that closing date helps to give his thesis; for the scene is very different between 1804 and 1812. But even after 1804, counter-revolutionary activities could still be noted in parts of the South-East.

The select six hundred of the Renaissance

PETER BURKE:
Culture and Society in Renaissance Italy 1420-1540
342pp. Batsford, £4.50.

Hallowed by over a century's maturity, still sparkling and rather heady, Burckhardt's masterpiece, familiar in its English translation, *The History of the Civilization of the Renaissance in Italy*, no longer satisfies, as it barely touches upon what today appear the most obvious questions. Peter Burke's *Culture and Society in Renaissance Italy, 1420-1540*, with a rather narrower chronological range, appears exactly where Burckhardt's work falls: in buccaneer fashion it preys on its forerunners, firing off salvo after salvo of the right questions, and eventually capturing some sound answers. It will find a place as the Burckhardt of the 1970s, which is praise indeed.

Mr Burke's stimulating, even exciting, sequel, is in marked contrast to its forerunner. In John Lerner's volume of the early Italian Renaissance in the same series (reviewed in the TLS on January 14, 1972), Mr Burke's objective is to delineate in its manifold aspects the relationship of culture to society in the later phases of the Renaissance in Italy. The essential definition of terms is provided, and has the virtue of being readily understood, even if it has its defects. In the author's view culture

is a gift endowed upon a creative minority or elite in society: those who become artists, sculptors, architects, musicians, scientists and writers (why not also orators?). An appendix furnishes the 600 names of this corps, representing five generations from 1390, and it explains precisely how the names have been selected. This forms a distinguished corps, gathered from all over Italy; certainly many other recruits of such high calibre would be hard to find.

There is, however, an important point that concerns the definition: most of the corps can be linked to a cause or ideal — the cult of Antiquity. The author is concerned essentially with one cultural ideal, not with other cultural strands, such as the Christian, which have brought into the corps San Bernardino of Siena and Angela Merici of Brescia. Mr Burke takes the occasional example from outside his corps (as in the case of the painter, Bramante), which tends to blur his own definition.

How does he fare in his analysis of the society of which his chosen elite is but a small part? An admirable chapter, which should have been the second, not the ninth, entitled "The social framework", deals with the orders of society, or class structure. Here are rightly stressed the regional variations, as well as the changes that occurred over the five generations that the study embraces. Against this background the reader will find

cussed precisely those social and economic considerations of current paraded concern, hitherto only to be answered by means of a table, is the range of variation of income between different ranks and social groups. It is not easy, however, to follow the calculations (which appear very generous), as not all the names listed in sources appear in the references, and C. M. Cipolla's fundamental *L'avventura della lira* is nowhere hinted at.

Patronage and taste have come to the fore, and here, while Mr Burke's examples are generally well chosen, he has little original to say and might have drawn more on recent work, particularly D. S. Chambers's *Patrons and Artists in the Italian Renaissance*. Chapter seven, "Iconography", should really be titled "Iconology", or error all the more astonishing since Craighero Gilbreath's "On subject and non-subject", which makes clear the distinction, is in the references. Finally, investment in culture (the Lopez thesis) and civic humanism (the Baron thesis) are discussed among others, as motive forces behind the cultural output of the period. The author's thesis is that no single factor provides the key: a sound enough argument is developed, provided that one bears always in mind that Mr Burke's definition of culture has built into it the cult of Antiquity.

Such flaws as the book has are essentially minor, though the reviewer would gladly give ten pages of comparative bibliography, an accurate bibliography, an edition, and there should be one, ought to provide the reader with the answers. These studies evoke such reflections.

Tudor Tapestry is the most of Derek Wilson's unduly attention drawn towards the men and the society of early sixteenth-century England. His quest suggests a series of challenges. The years between 1520 and what is, throughout the really years of Henry VIII's reign — one of the social, political and religious in its history; and the first of Mr Wilson is moved to ask that was it like for men and women to live through the English Reformation? As a matter of fact the high points of crisis — the periods, and what kinds of were they for, whom these were the realities of history? The answers were of considerable value. The first question calls for a narrative of general principles, and the second for a group of individuals in early

the complicated nature of "citizenship" needs further elucidation. One interesting question, though, that is answered by means of a table, is the range of variation of income between different ranks and social groups. It is not easy, however, to follow the calculations (which appear very generous), as not all the names listed in sources appear in the references, and C. M. Cipolla's fundamental *L'avventura della lira* is nowhere hinted at.

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Concentrated Catullus

KENNETH QUINN (ed.)

Approaches to Catullus.
297pp. Cambridge: Heffer, £3.15.

ADAM PARRY (ed.)

Yale Classical Studies
Volume 22: Studies in Fifth-Century
Thought and Literature
270pp. Cambridge University Press.
£4.80.

No Latin poet is much better than Catullus; he is a supreme case of a certain kind of concentration of life and vigour in poetry. Modern translations convey the passion but not the elegance; the English Catullus was Wyatt in a few of his poems, and the best version of Catullus in English is an adaptation by Thomas Corns. But Catullus was a poet of a wide range, and since Latin is a learned language the clue to the sense and momentum of a poem by him often needs a great and original scholar to demonstrate it. But not all scholars are great and original, and a collection of essays by different authors imposes a disastrous egalitarianism on the contributors; the more like these essays are the more like the Catullus. The best are certainly the three by Fraenkel which are among the best modern interpretations of the work or any ancient poet. But one is obviously left in its original German.

Any Latinist who reads German in this country already has at least access to this essay. Clausen on Catullus and Latin poetry is sound enough, but short, general, and not all about Catullus. Kenneth Quinn's own essay on "The Commentator's Task" is somewhat wrong-headed, which is worse: he believes that every Catullan poem is necessarily "about" some one thing, and that "the data on which a poet

rests must be discoverable, incorporated somehow in the text". Certainly they are not discoverable; they are out of court, but a poem does not "rest on data", and the word "about" is naive; it also remains possible that the context of language, of society, even of literary form within which a poem was written was well known to its first readers, but hidden from us. Professor Quinn goes on to take Gow to task for a note on Horace at a passage where Gow seems to the reviewer excellent and Professor Quinn's criticism unnecessary. John Petersen Elder is worse and Frank Conley on the *Lesbia* poems is much better. The survey of Catullan studies by R. G. C. Levery is already widely available in a standard reference work. One might on the whole not to buy the present collection of essays: better to save up and buy Fraenkel's collected papers.

The current volume of *Yale Classical Studies* is beyond comparison more exciting. It is edited by Adam PARRY and contains perhaps the last work of his we shall see, one that makes his death the more like to bear, an essay on Thucydides's historical perspective written with that clear, strong understanding of a text and its bones which is the surest mark of maturity in scholarship. There is an excellent discussion by Eric Havelock of the parody of Socrates in *The Clouds* of Aristophanes; Mr Havelock is magnificent without being surprising, since both the problem and the lines of a solution are sufficiently familiar to the level-headed. A. T. Cole on Protagoras is once again concerned with exact historical context and a conflict of later views, which is once again explained historically. Since Pina-

rewriting study, it extends the range of discussion without loss of rigour, it is exactly what is wanted now. The first few pages discuss the old theme of the historic moment of tragedy: the exact nature of the tensions and contradictions, the emotions, about justice and about the past. These pages are written with the lucidity of the masterly short studies of Gilbert Murray. It is admitted that in many ways tragic religion is more archaic than the religion of Homer. "Cepheidat la tragédie prend ses distances par rapport aux mythes des héros dont elle s'inspire et qu'elle transposait librement. Elle les met en question."

An early version of the first main chapter has in fact already appeared in English, as "Tensions and Ambiguities in Greek Tragedy" in a symposium on "Interpretation" printed at Baltimore. The text is strong and clear, but the long footnotes are almost better, because here the writer plummets like hawks with a flurry of feathers and bibliographies on the case of new ideas about ancient societies. The analysis of what tragedy is about must necessarily depend on a description of what it is like, and this again on a profound and intelligent reading. This is where Aristotle's achievement may be doubted, perhaps his passion was insufficient; it is where George Steiner failed in his *Death of Tragedy*, where Fraenkel in his *Agamemnon* was supreme, and where Hugh Lloyd-Jones to his *Jurassic* of *Zelus*, a work in the best tradition of English scholarship, was so convincing. The present book is not on the same scale, but there is no doubt about the intelligence of the reader or its profundity.

There follows a discussion of the will in Greek tragedy, which is sound but less exciting, since the problem appears to be based on differences of modern and ancient language. It is almost a false problem. There have been many false dawnings of human liberty and many false twilights of collectivity, but none more familiar than Socrates' this is a more immediately stimulating observation than that of Havelock, but the soundness of method is the same. G. S. Kirk on myths writes with the full learning of a recent book on the subject, and in a Greek context with more weight; one is tempted to suggest that a beginner should turn to this essay before he reads the book.

There are thirteen essays in this volume; it would be ridiculous to try to comment with any judgment on them all. One of the most interesting is Bernard Knox on the opening of the *Iphigenia in Aulis*. It is open to the reader to reject the conclusions of this essay, which defends the Euripidean authorship of the Renaissance text, and he can find comfort in the alliance of Murray, Page and Fraenkel; but Knox boxes us in, even if perversely, and the exercise of defeating him to one's own satisfaction will reinvigorate some useful scholarly muscles. There are two contributions by Hugh Lloyd-Jones, one consisting of textual notes on the lyrics of Sappho's *Trachiniae*, and the other a longer and fascinating piece on Menander's *Sisyphus* in the light of new evidence. This is certainly a farcical comedy, but it has one serious sub-theme, admittedly subordinate to its comic progression, on which Professor Lloyd-Jones puts a searching finger. Finally it would be intolerable to end even so short a notice of this volume without mentioning what looks like a wretchedly demonstrated that century to received opinion Thucydides carefully characterizes some of his great men in the prose styles of their speeches. This important investigation is by D. P. Tompkins, a scholar of whom more is likely to be heard.

In the workshop

ALISON BURFORD

Craftsmen in Greek and Roman Society

266pp including 88 plates. Thames and Hudson, £3.75.

Two years ago a book was published under the name of *The Muses at Work: Arts, Crafts and Professions in Ancient Greece and Rome*. Compiled by Carl Roehrick, it was the composite effort of a number of different writers—like so many works on classical subjects today. But the advantages of a variety of different points of view are more than counterbalanced by the absence of unity; and it is therefore valuable in having some of the same material analysed, in this new volume of the "Aspects of Greek and Roman Life" series, by the single pen of Alison Burford, the author of *The Greek Temple Builders of Epidauros*.

One of the principal points of general interest in *Craftsmen in Greek and Roman Society* is a strange emphasis that was characteristic of ancient thinking. On the one hand a contempt for skilled workers of almost all kinds is regularly displayed by ancient literature: it may well be one of the factors that contributed to the decline of the Greco-Roman world. On the other hand, there is the equally unmistakable fact, demonstrated for example by inscriptions, that these craftsmen were both proud of their own achievements and respected for them by their communities—no difference between arts and crafts not being communicable in the Greek or Latin languages (though the ancients obviously appreciated, at least as well as we do, the distinction between a Doric temple and a weather-proof pigsty).

These and other matters are handled in four successive chapters, entitled "Artists and Craftsmen at Work", "Craftsmen and their Patrons", "Out of Working Hours" and "Concepts of the Nature of Craftsmanship". Each of these chapters is sensible, and the last helps to fill in the background to our understanding (such as it is) of ancient aesthetics. It must be admitted, however, that the discussion is at times

rather leisurely. This same book is already shown in the next pages of introductory matter, devoted to surveying various aspects of Greek and Roman society—including citizenship, cry, race relations, and the skilled labour in the economy.

Dr Burford's dilemma has approached here, for she is perched on a conclusion that many of the potential readers will be bored with this information, which is therefore desirable that she should provide. Nevertheless she has performed this useful little more succinctly. The book is based, although enough to provide 636 pages, on a series of essays, each of which is a study of a particular aspect of the ancient world, and each of which is a study of a particular aspect of the ancient world, and each of which is a study of a particular aspect of the ancient world.

The eighty-eight photographs serve praise. They illustrate some unfamiliar objects, and they most part serve excellently to pose for which they were intended. Only a few good older photographs remain: A. Roland Holst, complementing the text by a moving to see a statue of a sixth century art from Persia on which there are graffiti of men and lions which must have been executed by Greek craftsmen working far away from their own time and with the provisions of a century earlier.

Another statue-base, a Syrian glass beaker is more modern, but in a certain sense, through the use of the word "craftsmanship" in the title, it is a study of a particular aspect of the ancient world, and each of which is a study of a particular aspect of the ancient world.

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News from underground

The Annual of the British School at Athens

No 66, 1971

386pp plus 72 plates. The British School at Athens, £8.

The Annual of the British School at Athens is a curious expert amalgam, no longer in the centre of archaeology in Greece but always stimulating and sometimes extremely important. In the present year there is an essay by R. E. Allen on the relations of Attalos I with the island of Aegina, based on inscribed evidence and written with a learned understanding of historical context. Most of the significant work in the Annual is prehistoric or Roman, in both cases highly professional, but there is also an important chronology of the bronze coins of Knossos, and a valuable study of the Minoan statue of Athena, which raises into a discussion of all the statues of Roman statues of Athena which are copies of Greek originals.

The importance of the Minoan statue, which is now in the Louvre, is its close connexion with the famous bronze of the goddess found in the ashes of the ancient Phrygia in 1959. But the most exciting classical contribution in this Annual is the publication of an inscribed lead plaque which is important for the topography of ancient Corinth; this is by a Greek archaeologist, Peter Calligas, and its publication is the fruit of a British Council scholarship.

It is remarkable that the same volume, which contains these essays, should also contain an indispensable article based on a thesis by a French scholar on the development of Mycenaean "terracotta" figures. Since the present review of the Annual is in a library where the publication is available, the publication is authoritative, and the bibliography most important, and useful to anyone who has to do with Mycenaean studies. Where the confusion and error of an ordinary survey map, J. R. G. C. Levery, is a study of a particular aspect of the ancient world, and each of which is a study of a particular aspect of the ancient world.

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The Fifties and their followers

BY KEES FENS

This picture of the world was not discussed in the poetry but was inherent in the verse itself, since this offered the reader more possibilities. In these poems there are constant shifts in meaning, false bottoms, effects created by the absence of capital letters and punctuation, which pre-arrange the material into a pattern of lines constructed in such a way that they can be read in two or more ways, ambiguities resulting from certain combinations of lines, different possibilities for association—often within a single line. The calm of traditional poetry (and of its readers) was fundamentally disturbed.

In Flanders there can hardly be any talk of a "movement". Traditional poetry held (and still holds) its own more strongly than in the North. The development of a new poetry in the South has been substantially influenced by the short life of the essayist and critic Jan Wallekens. In the North there has been no such stimulus. The Fifties Movement has had little critical coverage or commentary. What it has had are strongly programmatic poems from the representatives of the movement itself, especially in the work of the man generally considered the best of them—Luciebert. Originally a painter, he wrote his most important poetry over a fairly short period—his poetic work seems to be complete now.

And went back in designing and painting. Gerrit Kouwenaar, certainly the second in importance, has continued to experiment with the multiplicity of meaning in the poet's material—the word itself, and the relationship of word to thing. To a much greater extent than Luciebert's poetry, Kouwenaar's—some of it, at least—is a rather theoretical character.

The most important poets of the new style in Belgium are the versatile Hugo Claus, whose poetry has undergone an evolution to the "form poetry" I shall discuss below, and Paul Snoek, who evolved from experimentalism to classicism.

Dismantling the poetic artifice

In a few decades from now literary historians will perhaps characterize the Fifties Movement as romantic, as was also the case with the Rights Movement, which brought important new life into the poetry of the Northern Netherlands in the nineteenth century. The reaction to the poetry of the 1950s could prove this, for the important poetry which began to appear in the 1960s can be called "realism". The Fifties were improved for changing poetry itself, but not its situation: it still stood, it was changed, outside reality, along with its creators. Since then there has been an attempt to close the gap between art and daily reality. The means of doing this differ: the "madyanade" effect entered poetry in emulation of Quilamp. (This belated Dadaism, however, should not be explained merely by Heine's comment, now more so, for in it the uniqueness of the poet who by his great power and vitality has avoided the taint of "artificiality" is Claus, whose collection *Her Evenings*, which appeared last year, must certainly be counted among the most important volumes in the Dutch language. This sort of poetry is not to be wondered at in Claus; not only is he an important novelist, but he is undisputedly also

the most talented of our few playwrights. And that Ten Borge, after three collections of poetry, should extend his oeuvre with two prose works, which intersect in theme with his poetry in many points, is not so surprising.

If the ideal of the neo-realists is to bring poetry and reality closer together and rescue the art of poetry from its isolation, then the latest development threatens to banish it beyond the horizon; for a strongly romantic tendency is becoming visible, connected with a return to flood forms—and this little more than twenty years since the Movement of the Fifties—and in rhetoric. It seems that a long-suppressed sensitivity is reclaiming its rights. And at the same time poetry is returning to the enclosed circle of the personal notebook, where intimacy is the order of the day. So was the Fifties indeed only an incident?

It will probably come as no surprise that the neo-realists, as the poets of the latest school can be labelled, admire the work of William Carlos Williams and Marianne Moore. But it will certainly be thought strange that, in contrast to many other literatures, the figures of Eliot and Pound have only in the past few years exercised direct influence on Dutch poetry (though literary-historical causes for this are to be found in the 1930s). Since about 1964, some poets have been at work in the North whose work could scarcely be imagined without Pound's influence, among whom H. C. de Borge appears the most important to date. On the basis of the way their poems are constructed, from layers of material drawn from different places and periods of history, these poets can be labelled "structuralists". They work rather like "levelers": they push their words into the ground here and there, and strike both there and the yesterday, which then influences their opinion of the here and now. History does not repeat itself, it simply has a romantic or traveller, but as one simultaneously at home on several levels. Such temporal poetry does not always completely clear itself of the charge of being "artificial", and where the basic material is purely literary, the poem threatens to become locked into the poetic circle, so that it can then only be understood from within that circle.

If neo-realism, poetry was a clear resolution to, among other things, the confessional lyric so intensely practised in Holland, where all the lines radiate from a narrow "I", then "structuralism" in poetry is even more so, for in it the uniqueness of the poet who by his great power and vitality has avoided the taint of "artificiality" is Claus, whose collection *Her Evenings*, which appeared last year, must certainly be counted among the most important volumes in the Dutch language. This sort of poetry is not to be wondered at in Claus; not only is he an important novelist, but he is undisputedly also

the most talented of our few playwrights. And that Ten Borge, after three collections of poetry, should extend his oeuvre with two prose works, which intersect in theme with his poetry in many points, is not so surprising.

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were called *Anthem*, and are almost all concerned with the quasi-scientific and vaguely mystical ideas which have so proliferated in the past decade that his critical knife has plenty of work to do. A much more sober mood, more in line with the methods of the careful phenomenologist, and informed by a constant scepticism towards all absolutes, is seen in the work of the philosopher Cornelis Vorhoeven.

Any classification is challengeable, and that is why I say only with the greatest reservation that the strength of the Northern Netherlands lies more in poetry, that of the South more in prose. Both are weak in drama. This absence can certainly be explained for the North by the centuries-old rift between the spoken and the literary languages, and the dominant position of poetry, which has caused a marked specialization in the latter. The tale becomes somewhat monotonous, but since the war the best plays have also been provided by Hugo Claus, who, especially in the past few years, has been so prolific as to equal one of the few important dramatists which Holland has produced—Herman Heijermans. Claus has written original pieces, but also adapted existing dramatic texts. Somewhat less brilliant plays are those of the Fleming Tone Brulin, who has, on the other hand, done a great deal for the development of the modern Flemish stage. The most successful play in the North was the recent *Kees de Jonghe*, by Gerden Hellinga; this is a particularly skillful stage adaptation of a novel published in 1923 by Theo Thijssen, a writer scarcely recognized in established criticism. The play showed that Holland could have a typical dramatic literature of its own—a Heijermans, in a different way, had also demonstrated. And it accentuated that remarkable fact accepted as normal by the Dutch stage—no almost complete domination by foreign plays. When a Dutchman enters the theatre, he usually steps outside his own country. Here too the rift between art and its reality is unfortunately all too wide.

Kees Fens (born in Amsterdam in 1929) is lecturer in Dutch literature at the Frederik Muller Akademie in Amsterdam. He is a literary critic for *De Volkskrant*, and has published several collections of essays and criticism.

Broadsides

C. F. VAN VEEN

Dutch Catchpenny Prints

84pp. The Hague: Van Hoeve, 125fl.

The subtitle, "Three Centuries of Pictorial Broadside for Children", both suggests more than has been given, and indicates the limitations of this book. A choice, and rather an arbitrary one, of pictorial broadsides of the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries would have been nearer to reality. C. F. Van Veen has divided his eighty-four prints into biblical subjects, portraits, animals, children's games, transport, occupations and fashions, and wonders. There are some striking similarities, giving minute descriptions including the publisher only if he appears on the print itself; craftsmen who have signed are mentioned, but left unidentified.

Considering that these prints were meant to be produced as cheaply as possible, usually uncoloured, on bad paper, and roughly coloured, and that they were made to be looked at, fingered, crumpled, and fought over by children, all credit must go to the publishers, who have produced admirable reproductions. Most are in black and white but there are also a number of prints where two or three colours have been applied in blobs or by thumbprinting. Mr Van Veen's analogy with the method of colouring in Dutch "bookbinding papers" is a somewhat unlikely one, for the papers, which indeed look very similar, were produced in Germany. It is a pity that the book is too large for the coffee-table and too expensive for the nursery.

IN THE Dutch Literary Museum and Documentatoloo Centre in The Hague an exhibition is being held this summer entitled "The Movement of the Fifties". At the opening, Gerrit Kouwenaar, one of the leaders of the movement, underlined his own claim to leadership by speaking so laconically that what many historians view as the most important event in postwar Dutch literature was reduced to a mere incident. The exhibition covers the years 1935-1949, partly influenced by experimental art, began a renaissance in Dutch poetry which within a few years effected a radical break with tradition.

Dutch poetry had been isolated for a long time. It is probable that this exhibition was the force of the explosion which came to be known as "The Fifties"—at least in part. For there was also a fortunate encounter of two talents of whom were born in the 1920s and had grown up during the war; and furthermore there was a witness of contemporary Dutch poetry: it surrendered quite easily, offering no defence against a new force. By 1955 the movement had stabilized, and had quickly become accepted—too quickly, possibly unfamiliar objects, and they most part serve excellently to pose for which they were intended. Only a few good older photographs remain: A. Roland Holst, complementing the text by a moving to see a statue of a sixth century art from Persia on which there are graffiti of men and lions which must have been executed by Greek craftsmen working far away from their own time and with the provisions of a century earlier.

Another statue-base, a Syrian glass beaker is more modern, but in a certain sense, through the use of the word "craftsmanship" in the title, it is a study of a particular aspect of the ancient world, and each of which is a study of a particular aspect of the ancient world.

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Books received

Bibliography

YOUNG, JOYCE (Compiler). *Local Record Sources in Print and in Progress, 1971-72*. 24pp. Historical Association. Paperback, 36p.

The purpose of this compilation, the result of a survey made last year, is to avoid duplication in producing aids to local record sources. It lists guides, indexes, etc. which have either appeared during the past two years or which are now in preparation. Publications by national institutions, university presses, local record societies and municipal authorities are set forth in separate sections.

Biography and Memoirs

GORSON, NOEL B. *Lillie Langtry*. 255pp. Halo. £2.60.

Noel B. Gorson's biography of Lillie Langtry is firmly based on a good knowledge of the relevant writings. The resource and resilience of the royal mistress who was also a successful and accomplished actress, a triumphant racehorse owner and a shrewd dealer in real estate emerge unmistakably from the book. Mrs Langtry's beauty was by common consent remarkable; her flair for success in a variety of enterprises was even more so. Mr Gorson has treated his theme objectively and in a plain, clear style, but one could wish that something of his central character's adventurousness had been communicated to his writing.

Classics

Cambridge Latin Course, Unit III. Cambridge University Press. 13 booklets. £1.65 the set.

Stages 21-31 of this Course are set in Bath, Chester and Rome. The Exercises deal with Marriage, the Legionary Soldier and Fortress, Builders and Building, Public Service and Domitian: the action extends from an attempt to poison King Cogidubnus to the fatal liaison of Domitian's wife with the actor Paris, while Agricola, the teeming river *Invictus*, a Greek *philosophus*, a *univ. gloriosus* and a Christian "protester" are among those who help to sustain the interest of the youthful Latinist. Whether or not he has mastered all the grammar and vocabulary here summarized, he will surely not have overlooked the chapter on *delectio*, a kind of curriculum-vitae. All that is required is a sheet of lead, the invocation of Bazuga and Beresene, and a straightforward request, such as "... and may his body be twisted and shattered ... phix plinx".

Education

GOOCH, PETER H. *Ideas for Art Teachers*. 176pp. Baisford. £2.

There are so many different media which can be used in the creative arts that all teachers are helped by practical advice on their characteristics and possible methods of exploiting them. Peter Gooch has written a useful reference book which provides information on numerous methods and techniques, principally, he says, for children between the ages of nine and fifteen, although both older and younger could well benefit from many of his ideas. Every method is illustrated by an example of interesting and sensitive work, which would, however, be more enlightening

If the age of the child or student who produced it were given. Mr Gooch includes a bibliography and a list of suppliers of materials, and his book will be of considerable assistance to all art teachers.

History

HILL, BOYD H. *Medieval Monarchy in Action*. The German Empire from Henry I to Henry IV. 251pp. Allen and Unwin. £4 (paperback, £2.50).

Boyd H. Hill's volume in the now well-established series of "Historical Studies: Problems and Documents" justifies its title and subtitle by taking most of its texts from the primates of the tenth and eleventh-century German "chancery"—diplomas, *placita*, etc.—although much the longest is the important and rarely read *Contra Ottonem* of Hrotsvitha. The translation of the original Latin is never worse than adequate. The annotation and the linking introduction are idiosyncratic in their choice of topics, not always reliable and sometimes devastatingly naive. Yet the volume is an interesting and thought-provoking one, as it must be to justify the "problem" and "selected texts" approach to historical studies; it should fulfill Professor Hill's subsidiary intention of providing an elementary introduction to "diplomatic"; and in the hands of a critical teacher it could be made the basis of an instructive undergraduate seminar. The absence of any reference to Karl Lohmann's writings on this period, the most important in English, is surprising and regrettable.

Law

BAILEY, F. LEE with ARCONSON, HARVEY. *The Defence Never Rests*. 284pp. Michael Joseph. £3.

The defence advocate is as much a specialist in the United States as in

France, a trial lawyer with the limitations of a defence outlook. Lee Bailey is a celebrated and controversial figure of the American legal scene. This book recounts some of his outstanding cases. The poor quality of so much police work in the United States is only too evident, a reflection of this being Mr Bailey's expert use of investigative resources of his own. It is also apparent that some judicial attitudes are unsatisfactory. Mr Bailey's radical views on legal reform are expressed in the last chapter; they might with advantage have been developed less anecdotally.

Literature and Criticism

The Song of Roland. Translated by D. D. R. Owen. 120pp. Allen and Unwin. £2.50 (paperback, 80p).

The English in D. D. R. Owen's version of *The Song of Roland* flows beautifully, and something of the original poem's rhythmic vigour has been well preserved. Wisely no effort has been made to keep the assonance or to replace it with rhyme, but other linguistic devices which characterize the original, such as repeated syntactical patterns or formulaic phrasing, are also reflected in this translation of the Oxford manuscript. The meaning of the original poem is, for the most part, clearly followed, though the choice of metre necessitates a few minor detours. It is a pity, however, that attention is not drawn in the notes to almost certain errors in the French text (e.g. "E cez exiers ...").

3485, which "ought, in all probability, in real 'E cez exiers ...'" nor to a number of words or phrases which could be translated in one or two different ways and which have some bearing on the interpretation of the text (e.g. Roland's *pur ier*, 1863, translated here "on my behalf" and not, as some literary critics

would prefer, "through my fault"). But this is more than a "shrewd blow" at the "individualists" and the "Hilfsmittel" episode is a gem. Stating with them, D. D. R. Owen created the *Song of Roland* in the twelfth century but "a poet who took it upon himself to give it an even more Christian ring ...". And D. D. R. Owen's intervention is limited to the insertion of the episode. Dr Owen then translates the original sections of the poem that those who wish to limit the experiment of reading a "pre-Troilus" text have to ignore the lines in italics.

Philosophy

PIAGET, JEAN. *The Philosophy of Epistemology*. 120pp. Wolfe Mays. 98p. Kegan Paul. £1.50.

Piaget's work has had a pre-eminence on psychological and philosophical thought in England. United States, but relatively little philosophical thinking. Based on a biological approach has not been put forward or later it will be seen that epistemology can be strengthened by considering the development of processes in man. The book presents Piaget's epistemology in a compact form. Wolfe Mays, the translator, an introduction to Piaget's work which will help new work. The book is a slighter of lectures given at the Department of Columbia University and covers material already in other books, but from a

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(c) Librarian £1,944-£2,497.

Postholders for all the above would normally be Chartered Librarians.

(d) Library assistants £1,164 (at 18) £1,898.

The educational qualification is a minimum of two passes (including English at A or A level) or a degree.

For details and application forms see website on the Secretary, Education Officer, 171 Victoria Street, London W1P 4QV. Mailed, completed forms should be returned as soon as possible and no later than 21st August, 1972.

Applications, stating age, experience and qualifications together with the names and addresses of two referees, should be submitted by 21st August, 1972, to:—

The General Manager, Redditch Development Corporation, 'Holmwood', Plymouth Rd., Redditch, Worcs.

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NORTHERN REGION HOSPITAL LIBRARIES (SCOTLAND)

APPLICATIONS ARE INVITED FOR THE FOLLOWING POSTS WHICH HAVE BEEN CREATED AS PART OF A MAJOR DEVELOPMENT OF THE LIBRARY AND LEARNING SERVICES IN 1972 AND 1973. THE POSTS RANGE OVER A WIDE SPECTRUM OF ACADEMIC AND PROFESSIONAL DUTIES, INCLUDING: RESEARCH, PLANNING, INFORMATION SERVICES, OPERATIONS, ANALYSIS, ADVICE AND DISPLAY WORK, STAFF SELECTION AND MULTI-MEDIA COMMUNICATION.

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